

FAREWELL, MY LOVE

By Usaida Mir

DEDICATED TO:

Abdullah Awal
**My beloved cousin and
guardian angel**

Farewell

**Farewell to thee! but not farewell
To all my fondest thoughts of thee:
Within my heart they still shall dwell;
And they shall cheer and comfort me.**

**O, beautiful, and full of grace!
If thou hadst never met mine eye,
I had not dreamed a living face
Could fancied charms so far outvie.**

**If I may ne'er behold again
That form and face so dear to me,
Nor hear thy voice, still would I fain
Preserve, for aye, their memory.**

**That voice, the magic of whose tone
Can wake an echo in my breast,
Creating feelings that, alone,
Can make my tranced spirit blest.**

**That laughing eye, whose sunny beam
My memory would not cherish less; --
And oh, that smile! whose joyous gleam
Nor mortal language can express.**

**Adieu, but let me cherish, still,
The hope with which I cannot part.
Contempt may wound, and coldness chill,
But still it lingers in my heart.**

**And who can tell but Heaven, at last,
May answer all my thousand prayers,
And bid the future pay the past
With joy for anguish, smiles for tears?**

(Anne Bronte)

The Princess of Hejaz

The greatest queen who ever lived was known to her people as the Queen of Hejaz.

The Kingdom of Hejaz was a vast dominion encompassing thousands of kilometers, endless valleys of golden sand, oceans of fertile grounds and hundreds of gushing rivers and springs. It was an epitome of cultivated culture, language, and history. The ancient interconnections in the expansive monarchy could be traced back to thousands of years, from the monotheistic democracy of Abraham, to the theocracy of Ishmael to the noble commandments of the Final Apostle. The rich history of this kingdom had been eulogized by poets and dramatized by foreigners and libertarians for many years, but none had been able to come close to the praises and celebration that ensued at the birth of the Princess Royal,

the first and only child of the sovereign queen.

This was the monarch who reigned over vast continents, and her realm consisted of more than half of the world's land mass.

The Queen of Hejaz ruled over half the world, including all of Arabia and Persia and North Africa. Her dominion was said to be so vast, that it took days and months for the fastest traveler to move from one part of the kingdom to the other.

The sovereign who reigned over this dominion was unparalleled in regal prosperity and ceremony, and it was her glamor and ancestry that impressed allies and enemies alike. The historical affiliation of this land went back for centuries the subjects and denizens were in awe of the thousand-year-old monarchy. The people always prayed for her honest and faithful heart.

Such unlimited wealth the sovereign had that it was said that the royal caravan that carried the queen and the people of her ministry and her counsels were so long that it started from one country and ended in the other.

Each day, tens of thousands of Arabian stallion and horses would surround the wealthy and majestic queen as she and all the men of her Palace would ride in brightly lit golden carriages throughout the kingdom, and tour half the world.

The queen was known far and wide for her piety and justice, and no beggar and no cobbler, no orphan and no widow would ever be treated unjustly in her dominion, and never was anyone turned away from her court, and all were welcome to render their request or complaints at the royal palace, the majestic gates of which never were shut upon the face of her subjects. The Queen of Hejaz never rejected the concerns or complaints from her just and honorable Court.

She was the daughter of a king, the sister of a king and she herself had the most beautiful daughter, the Princess Royal, who was destined to the next Queen after her.

Nations from afar considered the wealthy empire to be virtuous and attested that the queen reigned with an egalitarian perspective and had her subjects' best interest in heart.

The queen exuded respect and recognition from locals and foreigners alike. Justice and equality were commonplace in this kingdom, and the sovereign decreed that no man shall belittle another on the account of race and creed, and nor was the strong permitted to accost the weak and neither the men oppress the women. The women were not subordinate to men in the Kingdom of Hejaz, and the local populace greatly revered and loved their queen, and more greatly and with more devotion did they cherish the successor to the throne, the queen's only daughter, and most beautiful princess that ever graced this part of the world.

The sovereign ruled with relative ease and amiability. Her kingdom had never faced the irreversible consequences of civil or rebellious exploitation, and with each year, she strengthened the interconnectedness between her people and the royal family, by making royal visitations to nearby dominions, where the princess royal and herself was cheered and respected by all denizens, young and old.

Juxtaposing the success of her people and her kingdom to nearly realms had always

been essential to the queen's national agenda. As they synthesized royalty with the spiritual teachings of faith, the queen became more powerful, and her royal guards obtained more treasures and wealth and offered the riches to the generous sovereign.

Peace had always reigned over the Kingdom of Hejaz. An endless desert surrounded the beautiful castle, an oasis full of dreams, full of mystic shadows and dunes, where the golden landscape exuded such warmth that strangers visiting for the first time felt completely at home. Nothing mesmerized the inhabitants of Hejaz more than the young princess of the land, who was to become their queen one day. Tales of the princess's nobility and modesty was known even by those nomads who roamed freely in the wilderness and storytellers dramatized the legacy of their queen and her heiress in suitable folklores. They lived sheltered in this Kingdom of the Hejaz, miles away from any beastly vexations, unaffected by the desolation of faraway chaotic lands and hostile kingdoms in the adjacent continent.

The utterly beautiful princess was considered gentle of disposition by all those who met her, and her courteous behavior could charm and endear even the most sullen guest. Within the castle walls and outside the city gates, people of this kingdom unabashedly declared that the princess possessed such Grecian grace and Hellenistic beauty that even a timid smile on her lips could brighten the darkest night and her laugh was nourishing enough to turn a stone into flower!

Each morning, the queen would assemble her royal caravan which consisted of tens of thousands of horses and she and her noble entourage would tour around her capacious kingdom and allow any beggar, any vagrant, any man, any woman and any children to come forth directly and express their wishes, or rend their complaints to her or ask her for a favor and she would grant each and everyone their wishes and mete out justice to all those around her. Regardless of how well-connected the oppressor was, the Queen of Hejaz would do justice to all equally and hear the grievance of everyone around the world.

Her daughter had grown into a lovely young woman. She was known for her beauty, her piety and her purity across the kingdom. But the Princess Royal's most distinguishing characteristic was that she was extremely shy and very pious. The Queen of Hejaz's only daughter was timid and therefore disliked the crowd of men, and she resented parties or attending the courts of Kings. She abhorred engaging in anything that distracted her from the worship of God.

All day, she would spend fasting and all her night, she would stand in prayer and cry to God and pray for the guidance of all the people of her kingdom and begged her Lord to shower mercy on all the people so that they could stay away from sin and attain the eternal Paradise which she earnestly wished that everyone could enter after their worldly life was over.

Whenever the Princess Royal met anyone, she would plead with them to abandon vice, and exhort them to do justice and righteousness and encouraged them to abstain from all sinful lust and evilness that pollutes the soul and the heart and the mind of man.

The Queen of Hejaz had different aspirations for her only child. The young woman was to become the ruler of Hejaz one day, and the queen wanted her to come to the court to meet the people and learn how to run a kingdom which was so vast and unending. She wanted her daughter to learn how to win wars, how to plan with the generals and how to manage and control the enormous kingdom of her forefathers.

But the Princess Royal felt no inclination to pursue wealth or power.

The princess was overwhelmed with the love of God and her heart was so filled with His love and His friendship and the reality of His promises of the afterlife that the world appeared blank and fake to her.

To the princess, the world seemed to be akin to a mirror in which images appear, but like a dream, it all flits away without a warning. She knew that every single person in her kingdom would have to die one day, and no power or money on earth would be able to delay or prevent the death.

All the nobles in her kingdom, all the vaults of gold and silver, all the riches and comfort of the mansions, all the powerful

generals of her army, all the knights in shining armors, all the proud Arabian horses, all the golden carriage and everything she owned seemed to be a distraction to her, a crude nuisance which tried to take her heart and her focus away from her Maker, the One God of Abraham. The crown princess shrank away from human companionship and she wanted to be alone so that her heart could never be distracted from the remembrance of her Creator. She believed all the people of mankind had been sent to this world for the sole purpose of being pious and enjoin righteousness and encourage others to abstain from all sinful acts that destroys them and their family and the people around them and to worship God until it was their turn to leave this painful world and enter the eternal realm of the afterlife and live in the final reality of God and the certainty of the hereafter.

Morning Hymn

**"Oh, Allah, for another night
Of peaceful sleep and rest,
For all the joys of morning light,
Be Thou forever blest.

Here on this new born day we give
Ourselves anew to Thee;
That as Thou wishest we may live,
And what Thou willest be.

Favour us with Thy blessing, God,
As we this day begin;
Preserve us from all evil, Lord,
And keep us free from sin.

Assist us by Thy mighty power;
Thy helping aid us lend,
To serve Thee from this early hour,
Until the day shall end.

Whate'er we do, great things or small,
Whate'er we speak or think;
Thy glory may we seek in all,
And from no duty shrink.

Merciful God, to Thee we pray
Us to protect and bless,**

**And keep us by Thy grace alway
In paths of righteousness."**

William Henry Quilliam, May 1893

Luxuries overflowed from the marbled steps of the royal residence and wealth was distributed to all resident with much love and affection, and the queen ensured that none of her subjects ever had to struggle from destitution. There were no cultural and economic constraints to keep them subdued in a beggarly state, but the Princess Royal desired to spend each day worshiping God. Gradually, her heart became more and more in awe at the greatness of her Lord. She saw no happiness in the parties and in the lectures of the people. The princess found no comfort in the luxurious carpets and feasts of her palace. She saw no power in the artistic weapons of her generals. She found no peace in the conquering conquests of her army. She felt no happiness in the praises of her subjects, nor did she find her kingdom and her

Palace to be anything but a prison, a gilded fortress which took her heart away from the remembrance of God.

But with every passing day, her heart yearned more and more for the love of God and she wanted to worship and obey God alone! She prayed for solitude, and she searched for a place to go where no man could lay eyes on her, and she could be alone and worship her Lord and pray to Him in the darkest and the deadliest hour of the night and to feel loved by God and to have the Mercy of the Almighty God remove all her pain, all her sadness and all the fear of her hopeful future.

Each night, the crown princess dreamt that she would be able to go to a place of solitude where she could worship God without seeing all the people of the Kingdom or hearing their praises of her. She despised to be observed and watched by those who later spread word throughout the land that the Princess Royal is spending all her nights and days worshiping God.

Her devotion to her Maker was not a thing to be announced. Indeed, it was her prized secret. She was a famous and recognized personality and wherever she went, the

people followed her, accosted her, praised her, showered compliments to her and watched her continuously.

With every passing day, the Princess Royal's heart became more and more restless for the solitude and the companionship of God and to get away from the friendship and the indulgence of humans. One day, while she was weeping to God at night and praying for the guidance of all the people of the world and praying for their guidance and beseeching to God so that they would stay away from sinning and be successful in the afterlife, her servants entered her chamber to interrupt her. The maid had come to inform the princess of Hejaz that the kings and princes and emperors of several powerful countries had come to visit and her mother had asked for her company in the Room of the Throne.

“Oh, kind maid servant!” The Princess Royal replied. “Tell my mother to let me go and permit me to worship my God for verily, the kings of the world has no worth to me and their power have has no meaning to me and the money that they bring has no value to me and the gold and silver which they hoard are nothing but metal to me and the palaces that they live

in are nothing but a stone mountain to me and the glitters of the royal courts and gems of this world and the pomp and the honor or the prizes which people win are nothing to me. Tell my mother to let me go and worship my God alone for my heart sickens at the site of people who worship other people, who worship money, lust and power and my heart yearns for God, and longs for the solitude and for the conversation and companionship and the true love of God. Oh, my helping servant! My heart is empty inside and it is shattering with terror and pain! I know not in what condition I shall be raised in my hereafter! I know not of my relationship with God! Indeed, this kingdom, this palace, this power gives me no peace; it gives me no happiness; it gives me no fulfillment. Indeed, it fills me with fear and anticipation and makes me afraid that one day it might distract me from the remembrance of my Maker and deprive me from gaining the love of God.”

Months after months passed by, and the years flew away, and the Princess Royal became more and more lovely and becoming.

She became a beautiful young woman, and the queen tried to relentlessly urge her to

become acquainted with the governance of the Kingdom of Hejaz, and increasingly reminded her that she was the heir apparent to her dominion.

But with each passing day, the young princess sought to get farther and farther away from the intricacies of the monarchy, and she tried to ride on her pure-bred Arabian horse and gallop away into the sunset, and seek refuge in the darkness of the desert night, where she prayed and supplicated to her Lord. As the wailing of the wind whipped around her, and the midnight storm enveloped the palace gates, the Princess Royal would seek solace in the remembrance of her Creator, and express her love to the One God of Abraham. The rushing noise of the sea and the beating sound of the wind could not distract her from her worship, and she remained engrossed thus until the break of dawn. But the Queen of Hejaz was a doting mother and she would worry if her daughter was missing from the palace, and royal guards and maids would be sent forth to search the kingdom and find the princess. They guardsmen and shieldmaidens would find the Princess Royal engrossed in devotional solitude and prayers. They would escort her back to the royal residence, and night after

**night, this trend continued and
guardsmen and women espied her often
when she was deeply engaged in
mediation and rosaries. This disturbed the
young worshipper greatly for she greatly
desired that her relationship with her
Lord should remain a guarded secret
known to no one but to God.**

**To know her palace staff were spying on
her evening worship agitated greatly for
she longed for solitude with God and
nurture the celestial friendship with her
Maker.**

**The kingdom of Hejaz did not appeal to
her, for she was aware that nothing was
meant to last forever in this dystopian
world.**

**She wished to go far away from the sight
of men, and out of the knowledge of the
people of this kingdom, and build her
relationship with the God of the heavens,
who sustains and controls the entire
universe and all that is within it.**

**She wished no mortal could intrude in her
solitude with God and no human being
would espy of bring her back to the tragic
world. The pain of carnage, fear and hate
consumed her mind, and she no longer
wished to remain chained in this endless
bondage.**

It was the end of yet another boisterous year.

A royal banquet was prepared and rulers from all over the world were invited to the end-of-year feast. The festival was bright and colorful, with melodious songs being sung by the most celebrated artists.

The Princess Royal was absent from the melee and she had retreated to her secluded prayer space, but her beloved was the chief host of the extravagant affair, and she greeted the scores of kings and emperors, hundreds of ministers and dukes, many noble men and ladies from distant lands and little-known kingdoms. They had graciously arrived to participate at the great festival and mingled and exchanged pleasantries with men of all rank and title, all ethnic and culture, and the powerful leaders of the world brought along their wealth and riches, their golds and silks, as they happily celebrated their royal lifestyles, rejoicing for their good fortune and hereditary rank and prestige. On occasion of such joy and euphoria, the Queen of Hejaz greatly desired her only daughter to participate in the royal celebration, so she summoned her private aides and ordered them to find the

Princess Royal and bring her to the festival stage. However, the palace staff found the young royal engrossed in meditation and prayers and when they asked her to accompany them and participate in the festivities, she burst into tears, and begged for reprieve. The young princess wanted to devote every moment of her life in worship of her Creator and could not bear to be heedless of spirituality even for an instant. The staff could not bring themselves to interrupt her and returned. Once the sovereign heard of her daughter's state, she felt greatly perturbed.

Thousands of nobles and lords and ladies were present in this party and they were awaiting with baited breath, the arrival of her glamourous daughter, whose beauty and charm mesmerized them and whose grace and voice had already become a legend in the lands. Now, they waited eagerly for a chance to set their eyes on her dazzling face and hear one word from her sweetest voice. Indeed, the queen knew that her daughter's attractiveness was such that those who saw her from afar would weep longingly in silence as she walked by, so enamored and lovestruck were they of her unnatural grace and heart-stopping beauty.

Now, the royals were awaiting with greatest anticipation to see the princess whose unimaginable beauty was well known and admired.

Once more, the noble queen sent her vizier and her relatives to summon her only daughter, but the princess sent all the viziers, family members and servants back and entreated them to beg her mother to forgive her and to overlook her absence. She asked them to render her heartfelt apologies to the Queen of Hejaz and explain that she did not have the stomach to face all the people of the world who were so indulged in luxuries and music of this world that they had become utterly forgetful of their Lord, and so indulged were they into the lust and love of this world, that the princess said she feared that their heedlessness in the sphere of faith and spirituality would seep into her own soul and disrupt her pristine relationship with her God.

The young royal cared little about what others thought of her. Reigning monarchs of other nations arrived at their palace regularly to personally meet and see the famed crown princess, whose beauty and grace had no par, but this world and all its fame could not attract her to its folds.

Begging for her mother's forgiveness, the princess sent word that she was forced to be abstain from indulging in the extravagant banquet, due to her innate dislike for crowds and luxuries, but as the evening closed upon the vast kingdom, and golden rays of twilight covered the domes of the marble palaces, the young princess felt devastated for not acquiescing to her mother's wishes. She felt she should not have disobeyed her mother once again by avoiding the gathering of the rich and famous. Oh, how many months had it been that she was summoned repeatedly by her mother to attend royal functions and grace wealthy parties, but again and again, she was compelled to refuse, for nothing in this world pleased her or could impart to her aching heart, any trace of joy. Yet, the Princess Royal felt doubly guilty for denying her mother's wishes and hurting her feelings, but alas, she had neither the desire not the courage to face enormous crowds of people who merely indulged in worldly desires and extravaganzas.

Despite their repetitive insistence, the princess could not conjure up the courage to abandon the solitude of God, and leave the noble companionship of His Mercy and Love to dwell amidst the wretched

companionship of the people who were woefully negligent and desolately forgetful of their Lord. Truly, it pained her heart to even lay eyes on them, let alone engage with them at a social level.

The Princess Royal feared for the people who were engrossed in obtaining wealth and she wondered if they would indeed die in the state of heedlessness and thoughtlessness and whether they would have to answer for all the sins that they committed in this world.

That evening, the princess paced restlessly in her royal quarters, and as she lay on her feather-stuffed velvet pillow, she wondered what she should do. The riches and responsibility of this kingdom was weighing her down and she was pained that this inherited domain was becoming a barrier between her and her Maker. Why indeed should she spend her numbered days entertaining people who were unwise and unholy, and whose promises were unsubstantiated and untrue?

The love of God was etched in to her frail heart and the pain and suffering she felt as a result of earthly duties caused her to

**suffer such immense depression that
would not be alleviated or cured by
anything other than the intense
remembrance and of God's glory and love.
The name and attributes of the One God
of Abraham was her refuge in grief and
glory, in pleasure and pain.**

There is one God,—One only,—mark !
To Him is all our service due.

Hath He a shape, or hath He none ?
I know not this, nor care to know,
Dwelling in light, to which the sun
Is darkness,—He sees all below,
Himself unseen ! In Him I trust,
He can protect me if He will,
And if this body turn to dust,
He can new life again instil.

I fear not fire, I fear not sword,
All dangers, father, I can dare ;
Alone, I can confront a horde,
For oh ! my God is everywhere ! ”

by Toru Dutt

The next morning, she resolved to make a steadfast decision about her situation, and she entered the palace stable and mounted her thoroughbred Arabian stallion headed to the main courtyard of

her residence. The beautiful regal horse began trotting across the paddock and entered the main castle gates, and the princess steered the animal to the center of the palace. In her mind, she had decided to render a humble request to her mother, a favor no princess of Hejaz ever asked for, from the beginning of the eons till this day.

She gently steered the horse's distinctive head to the marble steps, and it obeyed at once, and moved confidently in a floating trot. A dear friend who was also a princess of a neighboring kingdom noticed her riding her chest-nut Arabian stallion at this odd hour of the morning, and she ran to come near and greet her. As the other princess skipped over the glittering hill, her silken dress flowed behind her and her dainty feet was sinking into the soft golden sand as she ran.

She was racing over the white sand and skipped over the flowing dunes, which glittered like crystals under the midday sun, and still ahead of her, the Princess Royal was riding ahead in her stallion. Finally, the younger princess hurried from the inner courtyards, and came to an abrupt halt in front of the royal heiress, and with frantic zeal, she clutched the

bridle of the stallion and cried, “Whither do you go, O princess of this land?”

As the younger princess stopped the Princess Royal in her tracks, she saw the forlorn expression on her beautiful face and the sudden realization dawned upon her that this was likely the last time she would see the Hereditary Princess of Hejaz.

The future queen of Hejaz had embarked on a resolute sojourn which she intended to endure alone.

Entreating her friend to stop briefly and speak to her, the younger princess of the neighboring country reminded her of their shared camaraderie and entreated her to talk about what was troubling her mind.

“Tell me,” she cried, “why have you arrived at the Palace courtyard in such a hurry? What ails you, O Princess Royal?”

“I have come to see my noble mother,” the Princess Royal replied. “I hope to beg for her forgiveness and permit me to go on in my own path of righteousness, seeking God’s love alone. I shall explain how living in this world have become too cumbersome for me, and every moment being cloistered within the palaces of this dominion is doubly painful for me for it hinders my spiritual ascension to the door of my Lord, the One Supreme God of

Abraham. Such profound is my grief that I am losing my very will and courage to remain among the living.”

The younger princess clutched the girdle of the stallion and petitioned gently. “O Princess Royal of Hejaz! You must not leave us! You must not allow such thoughts to cloud your mind for verily we all have great love and affection for you. You must learn to muster up the strength to survive in this world amidst ordinary men and women for we all need a princess like you to one day become our future queen. Indeed, you must take the reins of this magnificent kingdom after the end of your mother’s rule, and O do not break our heart by forsaking or leaving us!”

“Oh, my friend!” The Princess of Hejaz replied. “I implore you to let me leave this kingdom for this world is nothing but a conduit to pain, misery and sadness. Indeed, this world holds nothing but loneliness. The love of the world and the love of all the people who live in this world is as fleeting as the night that melts into the day, and like the day that rushes into the night.”

She glanced around frantically and then spoke again in a hushed and grieving

whisper. “Oh, Princess Royal! Why must you walk away from the kingdom of the world? Why are you walking away from this life of luxury and riches, this palace of power, wealth, honor and respect? Oh, princess! Have mercy on your mother and have mercy on your friends for indeed we love you greatly! Pray, do not go away! If I only could comprehend what has come over your heart that you have become so agitated and that you feel compelled to shrink away from the companionship of humans?”

The Princess Royal then said, “Oh, friend! This world has broken my heart! The people of this world have devastated my hopes! And now the hate of this world and the hopelessness of this hopeless realm has shattered my feeble heart and my restless soul into pieces which no one but God's generous love can mend. No one except the Merciful Creator can mend my aching heart, who loves me more than my friends, more than my family, more than my parents and more than all the mortals in the world combined! Only the worship and of the One God can give me peace.”

The only child of the Queen of Hejaz paused speaking momentarily and

glanced over the golden hills, trying to gauge the depth of her forlorn sorrow. She had been schooled in philosophy, religion and literature, and only the spiritual knowledge of God and His prophets had appealed to her since childhood. She had everything a young woman could ever seek. She had wealth, power and prestige. Her beauty was unequaled and she was radiant with health and prosperity, and yet these boons did not give her joy, for she knew everything she had will be gone one day.

Addressing her younger friend, she tried to explain. "O my friend! Indeed, every love of Earth is as temporary as the people who claim to possess that emotion. There is nothing that the world can offer to me to persuade me to remain amidst the heedless mortals and their false promises. Indeed, too often had man broken my hopes and no one but God can fix it. Do let me go away from this false harrowing world and let me spend the rest of my days, however short they may be, let me spend every last minute of it worshipping and honoring the One who created me, and grant me the chance to be grateful to the Merciful God of Abraham! Without a doubt, I can attest that in this world, no man's love is real, no human's sentiment

is everlasting nor is any joy or happiness in this universe is everlasting. Surely, every love will end, and every happiness will die away, and every friendship will dissolve, and eventually, every close-knit family will disintegrate with the passage of time.”

“But our kingdoms are thriving with happiness and bounty! How foolish would it be to leave this behind!”

The crown princess replied. “Oh, my friend! The beauteous life and prosperity will one day transform into conflagrations and famine! I cannot stay here as there is no future for me. Let me go! Allow me to get away from this dreadful world and this arduous life! Let me go and worship that Supreme God who has chosen to guide me amongst the billions of people who walked upon this earth. Indeed, nothing of this world, nothing in this life, nothing inside this Kingdom, nothing of its luxury has any appeal to me because never has it given me a moment of peace, a minute of happiness, or a second of fulfillment.”

She paused and glanced at the towering walls of her mother’s residence. Indeed,

the palace was enormous in every sense because it was unquestionably the largest structure in the entire kingdom. Such great was its height that nearby homes appeared minuscule beside it. But the princess knew even this sturdy structure would crumble one day.

**She continued to speak to her friend.
“Oh, young princess! Let me walk away from the hatred and the tedious life of this world!**

Let me walk away from the pain that humans inflict upon others.

Let me get away from the fools who believe in love only to be betrayed by it in the end.

Oh, my friend! Pray let me go away from this heartbreakin world which breaks the heart of everyone who worships it, destroys all those who adores it, and vilifies those who love it, and runs away from those who pursue it! Verily, this world has done nothing but offer bitterness, remorse and heartbreak to all those who chased after it, and worshiped it and fought over it!”

The Princess Royal started to urge her horse to gallop and it went flying once more, making a magnificent round about

the courtyard, before slowing to a graceful trot. The Princess Royal's Arabian stallion galloped into the sunrise, with a long trail of her silken dress flying after her. In the glaze of the morning sun, the rubies and clusters of diamonds embellished on her veil was glittering like the evening stars

Her Arabian horse galloped faster and faster through the Royal gardens and the spacious pathway as her beautiful face shone brilliantly in the reflection of the rising sun and her graceful shadow trailing noiselessly in the sand.

This had been a celebrated land since the Judaic and Roman times, and people whose views ranged all over the spectrum found refuge in the Kingdom of Hejaz. But the Princess Royal was not engrossed in remembrance of her noble lineage or her vast Kingdom, but only the prospect of her eternal life after death occupied her mind.

The velvet lined silken robe around her nape flowed in the desert breeze while the long veil she had donned was trailing behind her as her stallion picked speed. The powerful animal galloped with pride, as though it knew somehow, that the Princess Royal, the first-in-line to inherit

the throne of the Kingdom of Hejaz, which was the most powerful and vastest monarchy in the world, was seated on its back.

The Princess Royal addressed her friend pleasantly as she came to a halt.

“Oh, my friend! Do you see the heavens darken and the clusters of stars which gather every night by the sea?

Do hear the creaks of the nightingale when she sings unto the trees?

Do you notice the waxing moon when it shines every night so carelessly?

Do you feel the night sky concealing all the secret of past centuries that flits by?

Do you feel the rain that showers, knowing this very rain had poured on all the billions of creatures who came before us and will rain upon all those who will come here after?”

“Oh, my friend! Are you aware that with every darkening day and every moonless night, I feel the presence of my Lord! With every sunrise and every rainfall, I feel the love of my Lord! With every hurricane and every blast of wind, I feel the power of my God! With every crashing wave and every sweltering volcano, I feel the might of my Lord!

Oh, friend! To me, this life is worthless unless every moment therein is spent in

the preparation of the everlasting afterlife! This world is a theater and its plays are all ending in sheer loss unless it were spent in remembrance of the Lord of for the betterment of man!"

"Oh, how I regret every day that passes by with the setting of the sun, knowing that my life span decreases with each waning and waxing of the moon, and I mourn that my good deed had not significantly increased!" The Princess Royal could not think of any reason why she must live in a land where no wishes came true, and forever would she be destined to mourn all ruined hopes, and remain powerless over her own heart and soul. "Release me! And let free the girdle of my horse for my heart was broken by humans and I found that no love but the love of my Lord is true or lasting! Oh, friend! This world and its people have shattered my faith by false hopes and cruel promises, but in God alone did I find solace!"

The young princess's unbound wavy hair gleamed in the desert sun, and her beautiful, flawless face glowed as she smiled timidly. "Oh, my friend! All the love that is given to fellow man, and all the energy that is spent on shallow

humans of this earth are so utterly mundane, for heedless people are unmitigatedly undeserving. The love offered to mortals is valueless and shall forever be unrequited and unreturned. I found that only the Creator of my soul was worthy of receiving my true love! In His boundless love have I found an eternity of joy and contentment.”

“Oh, let go of the girdle! Do let me go before I lose my soul to the slavery of hate, lust, wealth, pride and anger! Man have broken my heart! My soul has become hopeless in this pain-filled loveless world! Let me go to my God! Release me from the restraints on mortal life and let me love earnestly the One and Only Being who loveth me when all else turns away! O, let me go and cry unto Him day and night, and pray unto him to cure this shattered and empty heart of mine!”

With a great sigh, the Princess Royal exclaimed:

“Verily, who else have I beside Him who loves without judgment, forgives without remembering and blesses without counting and loves without ceasing?”

“Oh, companion of my childhood! Has not this world and its people hurt you enough?

How much more pain will you take and still turn away from your Lord?

Have you not realized by now that there is no peace in this life except in the Remembrance of God’s infinite hope?

Have you not realized by now that there is no love in this mortal domain, and there was never any love in this universe but the love of your All-Seeing Omnipotent God, whose bounty is unending, who showers mercy on the undeserving, and whose decrees are unchanging?” As the Hereditary Princess of Hejaz spoke, she glanced across the vast hills and crystalline sand all around her and marveled at how the landscape of Hejaz was mapped by rich and complex terrain. She knew that only one native to the desert clime could coordinate the expanse unaided, but she was unafraid in her quest to leave the dominion of her mother and venture into an untrodden land, where neither men nor beast shall accost her as she prayed to her Almighty Creator.

“But must you go away?” The younger princess cried out. **“Such lovely palace and wealth you shall leave behind!”**

"My young friend!" The Princess Royal explained benevolently. "Every meal I eat, every party I attend, every minute I spend in these indulgence is wasting away, and erasing time from my life, until one day I will wake up and there will be no time left in my lifeline and my death will be here, and I, without a second's notice or warning, in that precise moment, I shall have to leave all my friends and family, let go of all my loved ones, no matter how they cherished me or how eagerly I sought them, and without a moment's delay, I shall take leave from this transient world and move on to the afterlife to live in the eternal dominion of my Lord. I shall no longer be here after that day, and my corpse may be charred in a desert or fallen deep at sea and may never return to this earth to earn more good deeds, or to impart goodwill or generosity upon others."

"In truth, my heart burns in an agonizing pain, almost too severe to comprehend, because the time of my death time may be very close and I have done nothing great in my life or in helping humanity nor did I make my Creator proud and pleased with my actions! O I must spend every second

and every minute of the remaining days of my life in the remembrance of my Lord and in sincere prayers for the betterment of humanity, lest death come all too suddenly and overpower me, and all the multitudes of nobles and commoners, all the kings and all the subjects who I have spent so much time pleasing will forget all about me the moment my final gasp escapes this mortal breath, and those who shall survive me will bask in merriment while doling out their measly shares of inheritance and earthly power."

The Hereditary Princess wept in sudden realization that her God was the Supreme Maker of this vast universe and controlled everything in the heavens and the earth. "How many women and men have passed away before me and went on to their Lord?

How many righteous saints before me had spent their living days worshipping God and obeying the laws of their Creator, and how they lived in assurance of an eternal heaven and how they had loved their Lord, and how the Creator of Adam and Abraham loved them in return!"

The princess spoke more agitatedly. "Oh, how fortunate were those noble hearts! When they prayed, God answered. When

they lived, God was pleased with them and when they died, God rewarded them! I must not let myself slip away from the path of the righteous and fall into the deadly trap of this world, whether it is contemptible lust, sordid wealth, derogatory honor, shameful ego, unruly anger, vile power or cold revenge. I must not let the world or its people distract me! Indeed, the devil will celebrate if he can distract me from my Lord but I am afraid! Oh, I am so afraid of losing God's guidance and slipping into the trap of the Rejected devil, like the million men that fell into tides of tribulations before me!"

Her childhood was pleasant for she loved her parents exceedingly. The princess was schooled in royal etiquettes, and not just the rudiments of royalty, but the intricacies of one day becoming the queen.

But in her own wanderings of the mind, the Hereditary Princess of Hejaz had discovered the love of God, and now hoped to gain nearness of the Gentle Deity and attain the loftiest home in Paradise. She wanted nothing more than to get far away from the sin and vanity of this life!

She again turned to face her friend and spoke. “Look at the kings and emperors of yesteryears! See the blood-soaked pages of history, and you shall find how mortal kings of our past killed each other to remain in power for one extra day, and they murdered each other to gain one extra inch of soil of their territory, but they all have been rolled and buried under the same dirt, covered in pieces of the same stone and their once mighty bodies have been reduced into dust. Even the bones of their majestic bodies have been devoured by wild animals, and the last piece of their flesh have been pecked away by angry vultures! Ask yourself, what good has their empires and kingdoms had done for them? What use was their wealth and luxuries and how had it benefited them in death? Indeed, I know the world is futile, and this kingdom of mine, its luxuries, its titles and prestige, its honor and power have no meaning to me and has given me nothing but pain, fear and hate.”

The Princess Royal did not want to remain in the companionship of men who were slaves to falsehood, pride, and sin! “Oh, my friend! Let me go away from the hate of man, from the lovelessness of this world, from the emptiness of this life, and

from the fake promises that this world makes to unsuspecting souls, from the provisional glitters of the golds and gems of this world, from the interim power of this world and from the praises of man which often turn to hate and curses and from the love that man claims to adore, but which more often than not, turns into bitter hatred. Indeed, no man's love in this world is real indeed! No human's love and respect in this world is everlasting! Indeed, this world is as false as the gold that lay in the midst of oceans, as the people who live in it, as the food that is devoured in it and as the time that flies away from it!" Saying these words, the Princess Royal begged forgiveness from her younger friend, who wept most profusely but released her grasp from the stallion's girdle."

With her final words, the Hereditary Princess of Hejaz bade farewell to her dear friend and resumed her journey.

The Queen of Hejaz was more than her own mother; she was her mentor, educator, counselor and friend, and it was from her mother that the Princess Royal had leaned never to overlook the smallest impertinencies, or ignore the slightest neglect of her subjects, because she had seen how her esteemed mother lent a dutiful ear to every concern or complaint from her denizens and members of the Court.

Her mother was none other than the Queen of Hejaz, a vast estate spanning

continents after continent, overwhelming territories after territories, and spanned from one sea to the next. The Queen herself carried in her veins the royal and pure blood of the kings of yore, as she was the daughter of a king, and the sister of a king.

The Princess Royal, who was destined to the next Queen, cared little about the impressive dominion that lay at her feet, although she knew she had to rule these people and supervise these great nations with justice and compassion.

While in the midst of her contemplation, the princess heard the bells chime. It was time for her duties to commence. At the hour for the rendezvous appointed by the queen, she arrived in the hall and promptly greeted her guests and admirers, before politely excusing herself. She was eager to take her swordmen and ladies in waiting and tour her dominion and become acquainted with the conditions of her subjects.

Mounted on her regal Arabian stallion, the princess raced over the dunes and crossed the golden valleys, and passed the locales which were sparsely populated. At one impoverished hamlet, she noted there were numerous dilapidated homes and uninhabitable cottages. Not a soul

was in sight, but the princess continued to search the small town, hoping to find a resident who would enlighten her of the internal conditions of the place.

Soon, her eyes beheld a frail figure wobbling ahead hurriedly. The Princess Royal rushed to the person, and noticed that it was an old woman who was bent from age. But there was a large waterbag on her back which she heaved with tremendous pain and effort!

"Ah, dear woman!" Cried the princess. "Why are you carrying such a tremendous burden at this elderly age?"

Unable to see clearly with her dimmed eyesight, the old woman neither recognized the young princess nor could she understand the reason for the questioner's distress. "Leave me be!" The old woman muttered indignantly. "I have a long way to go, and must deliver this water to them before nightfall!"

"Ah, poor thing," sighed the princess, and her eyes, while thus speaking, rested tearfully on the poor woman who was toiling under the scorching sunlight.

"Pray, let me assist you!"

With these words, the princess took the water bag from the old woman's back and placed it on her own shoulder. Upon seeing this, the royal maid-servants who

had been waiting at a distance rushed forward in horror, trying in vain to persuade their princess to permit them to carry the burden, but the princess brushed them away. She walked along with the old woman and learned that there was a group of senior citizens who have become so frail and ill that they are unable to look after their own needs, and this old woman, being the sturdiest amongst them, took upon herself the task of fetching clean drinking water from the deep well which was situated in this ruined hamlet. Scores of elderly widowed women depended on this water for their daily needs, for they had neither money nor gold or wealth to trade or purchase water from the city authorities.

The princess royale felt a strange sensation of sorrow wring her heart at the thought that all those people who were struggling with poverty were living so near her royal abode, and still suffered unspeakably.

She and her ancestors had been abounded with wealth and yet, not even a handspan away, lived people who were so poor that they never knew the meaning of prosperity.

The unbroken sadness and ethereal misery she witnessed had a distressing

effect upon her eyes and the princess could not cease weeping. With grave steps, she began to return to her home. She made a mental note to order her maidservants to escort all the poor women into her palace without delay. It was her prerogative to do everything in her power to rejoice the heart of the latter.

Ah, what avails this empty misery where devoted citizens and loyal subjects on her very land was deluged in destitution, she wondered with ever-increasing sorrow which invaded her being.

What would she do to replace the old woman's tears and despair with smiles of joy.

The skies clouded abruptly, and rare rain began to pour. The princess raised her supple face at the heavens and gazed wondrously at the shafts of the sunlight which smote through the hails and quickening thunderstorm. For several long hours, the rain fell upon the asphalt and gravel roads, and trickled abundantly over the belfries and arches of the royal palace. Soon, the grey downpour was swept aside and traces of wild winds vanished like the shadow of a wandering ghost.

The palace of the Princess Royal of Hejaz was situated on the city square.

It was very large marble structure and was comprised of several bodies of buildings erected at different epochs. For hundreds of years, kings and queens of Hejaz cemented their own legacies in the phenomenal square and history was made among these once-barren hills.

Now, as she traversed through the paved marble lined pathways, the Princess Royal of Hejaz felt only bitter sorrow enveloping her heart.

Royal dignitaries from nearby states were seated in the imperial hall but the Princess Royal paid no heed to her noble guests, for her mind had been preoccupied with one thought only. She wanted to help the elderly woman and give her succour in her old age.

Heading directly into the chapel of the chateau, which had been gilded in gold and restored to the medieval regal style, she uttered a long prayer, weeping bitterly to her God, begging forgiveness for not being more cognizant of her subjects. This world and all its wealth were nothing to her. It meant naught save further agony and crude responsibility. Alas! She knew that even if one person from among her denizens, one small

citizens in her dominion died from carelessness of consumption, if one little boy or girl perished from hunger, then her God would seek an explanation from her on the Day of Reckoning! Indeed, her God would demand an answer as to why she let her subjects succumb to suffering when she was so overwhelmed with opulence. With tears flowing freely from her eyes, the princess exited the wing, and did not notice the loyal maidservants falling dutifully behind her. She rushed out of the glamorous building, inadvertently casting a worried glance at the marbled canopy and gilded pillars. What greatness! What immense wealth! Yet, what use was all this when one was dead? She saw that the famous building her mother had commissioned was notably crowned with numerous belfries that heralded the beginning of a new hour. The chimes of those famous bells sounded oppressive, and the princess found herself growing pale. Time was speedily rushing away, and her life was stagnant with irrelevant nothings. The grand town that lay at her feet had no meaning to her, and all she hoped now was to assist those who were less fortunate than herself and devote the remaining hours or days of her life in worship of her Maker.

The Princess Royal adjusted her seat on the horseback, and galloped away towards the court of her mother's Palace. The majestic castle walls were built stone by stone. For fifty years, tens of thousands of men worked from dawn till dusk to build the dominating palace, so that the Queen of Hejaz and her daughter could live therein, safe and content, withing the solid marble walls.

With the Queen of Hejaz as her audience, the Princess Royal stood demurely. Many times, people asked her whether she considered the Queen of Hejaz her mother or her Queen, and the witty reply the young princess tendered was that the Queen of Hejaz was both her mother and queen, and she loved and obeyed her in every aspect of her life.

The sovereign knew her daughter was an incredibly intelligent woman, and she listened with a placid heart as her child spoke.

**"Oh, my beloved mother! Pray let me be!
Leave me to the love of my Oft-Forgiving**

Lord for He hath captured my broken heart and mended it with His eternal love! Oh, mother! This world is nothing but a handful of numbered days and when our time comes, we cannot delay our death one moment longer!"

Upon being summoned by the sovereign, the young princess stood meekly at the foot of the throne, paying respects to her mother, the queen.

Her luxuriant hair had been elaborately styled and pinned and she had donned the royal cape over her body before leaving the residence quarters.

"Oh, my angelic mother! My heart yearns for the love of my Exalted Lord, for He hath created my soul and fashioned this mortal frame. And out of the billion people that walks upon His earth, He let me call into Him every night and allows me to remain engrossed in worship. And whenever I supplicate to Him, and wherever I call unto Him, my Maker answers me without delay!"

"Oh, mother! The love and glamor of this world is false! The glory given by humans is false. The honor proffered by people is false and as varying as the night and day

**and the wealth of this earth is temporary,
and more unreliable than the occasional
rain over deserts and gold and currencies
are more perishable than the dried logs
that burns away to give heat until nothing
but ashes remain!"**

**She tried to hold back her gushing tears
but failed. "Oh, angelic mother of mine!"
The Princess Royal cried. "My heart is
weak and my mind sensitive and nothing
but the eternal and true love of my
Creator can console my breaking and
bleeding heart!"**

**Dearest mother! Know that the Power of
my Creator is real! Everything on this
earth and everything in the heavens exist
and subsist by His supreme command!
The Most-Gentle Lord had sent us to this
world to test us!
He sent us to this life to see which one of
us remains steadfast to His Just laws and
which one of us become disobedient,
forgetful and go astray!**

**Indeed, my Creator sent us down to this
royal kingdom to see if the pomp and
luxury and the comfort and honor of our
kingdom makes us forgetful of Him and**

**makes us abandon His less-fortunate
creations!**

**Indeed, my Lord tests all in this earthly
abode, for verily, this world is a place of
tests!**

He tests the impatient with poverty!

He tests the forgetful with luxury!

**He tests the neglectful with strict
religious laws.**

**He tests the broken-hearted ones with the
shallow love of humans.**

**He tests the weak hearted ones with the
praise and honor of people.**

He tests the proud with dishonor.

**He tests the weak bodied ones with lust
and rage.**

**He tests greedy ones with wealth and
comfort.**

He tests the coward ones with poverty.

**He tests the brave ones with insult and
injury.**

**He tests the family men and women with
their loved ones.**

**He tests everyone with whatever is most
valuable to them.**

**He tests the unsuspecting human with
what is important to them and nearly all
fails in this trial, but O how vital it is for
man to remember that this test is real and
earnest! No one but the most pious ones**

**and the truly good ones can remain
steadfast upon God's exalted path!**

**Oh, mother! I fear lest this forgetful world
of coveted kings and marbled palaces, this
life of charming nobles and princes, and
the plethora of cherished love or generous
respect and the riches of gold and rubies
will distract me from the remembrance of
my most honorable loving God. I fear that
one day I may fail my test and thus,
become, in the sight of my Lord, a most
ungrateful creation!"**

**Within the adherence and faith, she
perceived clear manifestations of love and
truth. The Princess Royal spoke with
affection. "Oh, mother of my heart, body
and soul! Do not think that my love for
you shall falter, for it is my duty to my
Lord to love and cherish you and my Most-
Forbearing Creator will love me most
when I love you most earnestly!"**

**Mother! If your love for me is real, then
let me free! Pray, let me go away from this
sinful and forgetful world and spend my
days worshipping the God of Abraham and
Moses!**

Oh, mother! Would not you want your princess to be in the highest position in paradise?

Would not you want your daughter to be the queen of paradise?

Ah, mother, would not you desire that your child become the sovereign queen of all the honorable people who will reside in paradise?

Will you not then let me go away from this dangerously lustful and misguided world? Can I not go to a place where the love of my Lord will not be tested and I will have no distraction in my worshipping of the God of Abraham, and I will face no obstacles in obeying His commands? Will you not let me hide away from this straying world and spend my youth and entire life worshipping the One to Whom we all must return today, tomorrow or the day after?"

The Queen was the highest-ranking royal in the nation, and she earnestly desired that her only child, her beloved daughter should assume the position on the throne after her untimely death or a gradual abdication.

“My child!” She cried. “My sweet baby whom the all the subjects of this kingdom envy!

How can you leave your mother’s love and companionship when my kingdom and my life is all for you?”

“Oh, mother! Had the young handsome king of so and so kingdom come today, and begged for my hand in marriage, would you not agree to his proposal? Would you hesitate to give me away to a foreign sovereign, or would you rather choose to be most proud to hand me over to the king of the only kingdom that exceeds us in riches and wealth and honor? Would you not then agree to separate with your most beloved daughter because you know that she would indeed be treated most honorably in that kingdom as their queen?”

Oh, my mother! Why then would you not let me leave this tempting world and spend my life loving and crying unto my Lord in hope and fear until my time comes to an end and your Maker, the God of Abraham fulfills His promise and enters me into His most eternal, ever living, unending kingdom of the heavens? Queen of my heart! Would you not want your daughter to be most revered by God

and most honored by Him until we meet again in the eternal kingdom of our Lord, never to depart?

To the princess, the comprehensiveness of her belief was apparent, and she was certain that loving and obeying the One God of Abraham was inherent to human nature, and was her only path to salvation.

Who can ever understand the depth of my distress? Oh, how desperately do I want to go far, far away! I long to go away from the people, away from the wealth and lust and away from love of this world. I must go away from everyone and everything that distracts me from the worship of my Creator, so I can go far away from human reach and express my eternal gratitude unto the Lord who loves and cherishes me. I desire to be alone, with no distraction save myself and my Creator, where my prayers and vigils shall not be interrupted or accosted by any human, so that I can find Him and discover His love again in my heart and my life! I wish to pray undisturbed so that I can find the purpose of my life and worship the One God who is the giver of my breath, the reason of my hope and dreams, and the

only reason I can bear the painful existence in this temporary world. I hope to find peace and hope in my prayers and seek solace in worshipping the loving One Honorable God of Abraham.”

The Princess was dressed in a floor-length sheath dress with a wide portrait style collar, wrapped gracefully around her shoulders as she stepped softly over the marble steps of the palace. The dress's gold satin fabric flowed like a magical liquid over the palace grounds as the princess tread on and she spoke to her mother: “I want to break away from the chains of servitude that depends of power and wealth, that relies on pleasure and comfort, that ends in heartache and fear, and I hope to relieve the heaviness of my injured heart by crying unto the One God who can rescue me from this earthly woe, and grant solace to the restless heart of mine which is still beating within this fragile cage of bones.”

“Oh, how my pain is manifest at the hot droplet of tears! Do angels deliver my notes of grief? Do mentions of my weeping rise up to the supreme? My Creator who knows, hears and sees everything is aware

**of the anguish that beset my heart with
woe!"**

**"How I wish to halt this worldly pain and
stop my meaningless routine of life!
How I hope to stop the suffering of my
aching heart?**

**How can I delay the chiming of the clocks
of life that are ticking for a moment, only
to be silenced forever? I must reflect on
the purpose of this temporary and useless
life and find the path to my final
destination.**

**Truly, I hope to run away from this world
and hide away from its people.**

**How earnestly I wish to escape from the
dreadful pain this world has inflicted on
my sad heart!**

**I long to leave the amenities of this earth
before the time comes when I am forced
to depart from here forever!**

**I hope to seek and find the purpose of my
existence, and discover the reason my
Lord had sent me here.**

**By praying and mediating to the One All-
Seeing Creator, I hope to comprehend the
reality of Heaven, and feel the Divinity of
my God, and dwell in His company for my
Creator is my only refuge!**

**Dearest mother! Verily I want to escape
this life, but I do not seek to be away from**

you! I seek not a place where you shall not be able to find me, O mother, but only a place where I can begin to find myself!"

Cannot you see, dearest mother, that my heart is restless and my mind is in pain? Indeed, I will have to leave you one day, O my noble mother, no matter how much you love me or how eagerly I love you, we must all leave this temporary and meaningless world.

Oh, mother! Nothing is eternal in this ephemeral world. Nothing can give me peace but the prayers I utter to my Lord, as speaking to the Supreme Creator is my only hope.

There is no kingdom left for me as every kingdom on earth shall perish and no kingdom will remain but the kingdom of heaven.

Do you not see, O mother, the miserable outcome of men who fought and killed over wealth and power, just to die in vain, so other men could fight and kill for it too?

Oh, mother! After knowing about the Benevolence of the God of Abraham, and

feeling His undying love and learning of unwarranted forgiveness, how could you expect me to be contended with this pain-filled false and temporary world?

Darling mother! I feel death is close!

Death is as near to me as it is to someone who will die a century later. We must all awake from this earthly slumber one day, unknowing and unaware that it may be our last day on this desolate earth.

Ah, mother! Time is flying away. The months and years are rushing by and the affixed date of my final day is flying towards me.

Oh, mother! Let me then prepare for that which is eternal and let me leave the kingdom and wealth which beguiles man and confuses my heart and vexes my mind.

Let me be at peace with only my Omnipotent Lord as my companion and let me worship Him unvexed and unbothered by all squandering earthly things and futile beings, for my Creator loves me and guided me. My feeble and broken heart is not strong enough to love anyone else except my lord, because mankind continually breaks hearts and the Merciful God mends it always!

**Oh, how we cry when loved ones die!
Oh, how we weep when we become ill or
our loved ones get afflicted by terminal
diseases!**

**But are not we all terminally ill?
Are not we all going to die on day? And
could it be that the death day is not too
far away?**

**Yet, we live on and fight one another over
trifle things, as though we were meant to
live here in this temporary world forever!
How swiftly we may have to depart this
world and visit our Creator, and how ill-
prepared we are for the everlasting life in
Heaven and how superfluous is our
indulgence in which we foolishly quarrel,
struggle, kill and love for this brief
unprofitable and unpromised life?**

**Centuries have come and gone before us,
and centuries will come and be gone after
us.**

**No one remains in this temporary world of
pain and vindication, or heartbreak and
betrayal.**

**Only the Almighty God of Abraham
remains and those of His creation who
loved Him remain steadfast in that love
through the tides of time.**

The Princess Royal stood silently before her mother, and bowed her head, before setting her bright eyes on the tethered animals that were seated by the throne. It was a custom for the rulers of Hejaz to collect the most exotic and beautiful animals from all around the world, and rear and raise it in the palace ground. Hundreds of rare birds and peacocks were kept in welded cages around the queen's throne as a sign of nobility, and scores of exotic and brightly striped golden lions and tigers, and spotted leopards and cheetahs were positioned in metal cages nearby.

The crown princess looked at the fiercest animal that was growling in the cage. She called out. "Break away, O lion from your cage and come forward in the name of your God, the one God of Abraham and show them the power of your Creator, and your willingness to obey him."

The queen's royal court stood asunder and gasped in shock and awe when the lion sprang to his feet and with a resounding roar, broke free of the cage. The queen and her viziers looked on in disbelief as the lion broke out from his welded metal

cage and came forward with his head bowed and stood in front of the princess.

"Do you see, O mother, that I am not afraid of this beast nor should you be afraid of any creation on this world, because if your God is beloved to you as He is beloved to me, he shall hear your prayers. Mother, my Lord listens to my every cry, and answers my every prayer. All of my Lord's creations, including the animals, the wind, the rain and the earth obeys Him and when I order them to obey His command in His majestic name, they listen for they are naught nothing but a creation of my own Creator, my own God for whom I live and die, for Whom I suffer and try, for there is no God worthy of worship besides the God of Abraham , Who is the creator of Adam and Eve and who controls the heaven and earth and is the Lord and only controller of all things, living and dead. It is for this reason I fear not His slaves or His creations and only fear Him for His wrath is as powerful as His love."

Uttering these words, the Princess Royal faced the rows of birds that were perching inside heavily welded metal cages, and she ordered, "Oh, birds of this kingdom's court! Break away from your locked cages

in the name of your God and Creator, and come forward and show my mother how your actions are controlled by my Creator, and how you are bound to my Lord and His orders when I invoke His glory.”

No sooner had she completed her entreaty, the birds of the caged fluttered their wings and began to break out of the cages. The rare snow eagle burst out of its heavy cage and sat itself down in front of her mother, making the queen shocked beyond her senses.

It was at this moment that the Queen of Hejaz realized the significance of her daughter’s words! No doubt she was speaking the truth! Her daughter was indeed a true friend of God!”

The misunderstanding and the wedge between the mother and daughter evaporated as the queen understood that her only daughter had become a close friend of the Lord of the universe, and time and space no longer mattered in her life, as the God of Abraham had granted the princess unparalleled power over His kingdom of this world, and command over His entire creation.

The Queen of Hejaz was a kind-hearted woman, but her wisdom was immense, and she realized that she had no right to stop

her daughter from pursuing a life of abstinence and worship. She realized that her power was nothing compared to the unlimited power of God, and indeed, she had no say in this matter of whether the princess should leave the realm of this kingdom. How true it was that her daughter was barely living in this world, and though her frail body existed in the palace, her heart and soul had found God and had loved the Omniscient Creator so fiercely, so passionately and so purely that she had attained a position amongst God's most chosen saint.

The queen gazed lovingly at her daughter and discerned the difference between them, realizing the difference between them was greater than that of earth and the unending heaven. She appreciated the fact that her daughter was living in an alternate world, which did not govern in the same manner as their world. The Princess Royal had drifted from this earthly world, all its wealth, its power, its fame and its love. Now, her daughter sought only the heaven of the One God whose dominion goes to eternity. The crown princess wanted to be a part of the vastness of God's love, the limitlessness of His power and the eternity of His might.

Verily, her child loved had found Him and she had gone away from this visible world to a world that controlled all the heavens and earth.

The Princess Royal had become a true saint and friend of God. How stunning it was to see a young child, scarcely above adolescent years, having so much control over the world and all its creation. Her daughter had explained how the creation obeyed her orders for she said nothing and did nothing without the permission of her God.

The woman's heart melted, and she continued to gaze in awe at her pious daughter.

She marveled at the beautiful girl who prayed constantly, and cried unto her Lord, day and night and who God loved so much in return. It gave her great joy to know her only child, the Hereditary Princess of Hejaz, had become such a noble-hearted pious woman, with a heart so pure, that no thoughts of human ever intruded her mind. Her love for God was so pristine that God loved her back tenfold and made the creation subservient to her! Indeed, this princess had a clean heart which was free from thoughts of sin

and blight, or notions of love or lust for man.

Ah, what an astonishing phenomenon! The Queen of Hejaz sat straighter as her heart swelled with pride. It was her very own daughter, her flesh and blood who was blessed with such purity that God had loved her enough to gift her the control of the world and all other creations of God. Yes, since her infancy, her child was pure-hearted baby, and from the days in her cradle, she never vexed or annoyed any one of her caretakers. She was such a golden-hearted child that from her infancy, she never hurt anyone nor gave them pain or discomfort. Such bright smile she had that royal admirers would often say this princess was an angel from her birth!

The Queen of Hejaz then sighed sharply. “O the pain in my heart! O the fear of losing my child!” She cried out. “O the terror that rips my heart! But indeed, I must accept that my own child has become so close to her Creator that what right have I to bar her from heaven’s glory? I, as a mother, have no right to stand between her and her Lord!

Oh, would to God that she could stay! But we must now say good bye!"

With these words, the queen nodded in a resigned manner, and accepted that her God had given her an angel as a daughter. With renewed pride, she understood that this child had come from her own body, and had entered the world from her womb. And God had chosen her child to become His coveted friend and a patron of His mercy and a ruler of His creation.

Drying the tears on her cheek, the queen announced, "Daughter, I must bid you goodbye, but I know not how! How does a mother perform the ceremony of departure to her only child who is leaving forever? How can a mother bid farewell and not break her own heart and soul eternally?

Oh, the fragile heart of a woman when she holds the last meeting with her child!"

The queen tried to compose herself, but the agonizing thought of separation lingered in her mind. Oh, she thought, would that I could toss my life away to go with her to stay with her but how am I to abandon my people and when I know that her God had loved her more than me?

The Crown Princess often disagreed with trivial aspects of her life, but unquestionably regarded her mother in high esteem, because she knew the Queen of Hejaz had never pretended to possess magisterial authority over her subject's daily life or secular opinions, and neither did the royal family interfere in the people's spiritual life.

Right now, all she wanted to do was to seek her mother's permission to leave the Kingdom of Hejaz permanently. This world and all its luxuries did not suit her. The intricacies of earthly life caused the Princess Royal great anxiety. The queen had made it perfectly clear that as the only child of the sovereign, she was meant to rule Hejaz one day, and she had to marry and produce an heir who would then continue with the legacy of the Royal Family. It grieved the princess greatly when her mother coerced her to attend royal functions and evening parties every day. The queen wanted her daughter to learn how to rule the nation, and get involved in the politics of power. It irked the sovereign that the Crown Princess refused to marry in order to secure an heir for the kingdom. In frustration, the young princess once cried

out, “But dearest mother! I cannot marry, for I can never love anyone but my Maker and my Lord! My heart is too weak to tolerate human tribulation and their hate and love. There is no difference to me between the hatred and love of mankind for I know very well that most love turns to hate and most hate turns to love! I have no strength to bear the brunt of this painful world!”

The Queen of Hejaz grieved deeply mulling over the Princess Royal’s departure.

The queen clasped her tight in her embrace, willing to keep her back.

The Princess Royal exclaimed, “Oh, mother! If you love me, then would you not want me to become successful in this life and the afterlife?

Dearest mother! Would you hold on to me still and immerse me in this temporary life of fading glitters and short-lived happiness and false hopes of love until I become so broken hearted by the hate of this world that in my sadness, I turn to man and forget my Compassionate Lord?”

“Would you force me to stay in the extravagance of the world where men fight and kill for something as temporary as wealth and power?

Would you, oh mother of mine, force upon me this life of hate and pain when you know very well how incapable I am of tolerating the hate and vengeance of man?”

“Oh, mother! Why do you beseech me to remain in this kingdom? Why force upon me the responsibility of a leadership where I would have to battle foolish, cruel men who worship other men and deify mortal power and the false promises of love and lust?”

“Oh, mother! Why do you give me the responsibility of this monarchy and protecting this country when you know my weak heart is beyond the strength of bearing the attack and violent hatred of men and their jealousy and their greed and anger?”

She was standing respectfully before the queen, her face held high, but there was anxiety all over her made particularly obvious by the trickle of tears on her cheek.

“Oh, mother! Let me go away from this kingdom, far away from this life and from this false and fake dreamlike world!”

“Oh, mother! Free me from the power struggle and the wars that man wages against the each other for their pride, or for their false lovers or their hatred towards faith and God’s heavenly laws!”

“Oh, my child!” The Queen exclaimed, and then gently explained to her child that she was meant to ascend the royal throne, and rule the kingdom with honor and integrity. “Pray, live a little longer in this luxury! If you must go, then leave this kingdom when you are much older and more mature and have more knowledge about all that transpires in this realm!”

“Oh, mother! Compel me not to ascend the throne, and let those foolish men rule the world! Let them fight senselessly and love madly! Let them believe in the falsity of this deceptive earth! Let them believe in the temporary false love of their lovers! Let them kill and hate over their anger and pride and lust until one day, they discover that their life span had finished! Let them wreak havoc upon each other for

this short-lived wealth and temporary power until suddenly the angel of death visits them and they become dust and ashes and their soul witnesses all their false lovers take other lovers and their surviving family members parting away with their wealth and they will see how their Benevolent Lord whom they hated and neglected is now most displeased with them!"

"My angelic golden girl!" The queen uttered with feelings! "Oh, my child! My only child! My successor to this throne and kingdom! Do not make such haste to leave this life! Indeed, you are a mere young woman who has not seen all the beauty and comfort this life has to offer!"

The Crown Princess cared little of what theologians and jurisprudents decreed, for her devotion to her Lord was an act that had spurned from the innermost edifice of the heart, and superseded all other human wishes and desires. What valid excuse had she to cling on to the mortal kingdom that would crumble to the ground one day? "Oh, my mother!" She exclaimed. "My Compassionate Lord

cherishes piety most when the youths of mankind and the young ones have faith in Him! He loves the charity which is given by the destitute and the poor for the one who has dearth of wealth has a lingering fear of poverty in his heart when he parts with his property. The God of Abraham loves the prayers and pious endeavors of the young and robust individuals because despite having no obvious fear of ailment or likelihood of death, they defied all mortal temptations and chose to serve and obey the Most Generous Lord.”

Her pale gold robe flowed in the evening wind as the diamond and silver jewelry on her, as she stood before her mother's court, begging for permission to give up her future throne. “Oh, my mother!” The Princess Royal cried. “They say love is blind but indeed love is not blind, the blindness of love disappears when a better lover comes along, but indeed it is death who is blind! It sees not the age of the person nor the status nor the riches nor the kingdom of the one whose soul he snatches away without warning!”

Oh, mother! It was my Lord who gave me to you as a vested trust, and it is He Who loves me. It is God alone who may take me

away from you without any warning. Oh, mother! Do not grieve over my departure, for we shall verily meet again in heaven, and we will be united, never to depart.

The love of her God was a universal gift and she held steadfast to the primordial truth, and remaining in the vast kingdom and indulging in its luxuries would be counterproductive to her goal in life, and would hinder her mediation and devotion to her Maker. Thus, the Princess Royal entreated to her mother and sovereign. “Oh, my angelic mother! See how much love you have for me, oh, what enormous love I hold for you, and yet, know that our Lord, the God of Adam, and Abraham loves me more than you could ever be capable of! Why then do you hesitate to let me designate my life away in His heavenly remembrance and remain steadfast under His guidance and care!”

Oh, my sovereign, my guardian and queen! My heart is constantly sad, empty and depressed for I feel lonely and alone in this unloving world and no one but the One God of Adam and Abraham can fulfill my heart’s restless yearnings, and none but my Creator can comfort my unhappy mind.

Oh, mother! So many pious, God-fearing men and women have retained the Almighty's love and friendship and they have been successful in both this world and the hereafter, and have gone away to a better and brighter afterlife, and I fear to remain engrossed in irrelevant worldly affairs, lest I lag behind! I fear staying in the midst of wealth and comfort, lest this world deludes me and I become broken and enslaved and afraid.

Let me free, darling mother and queen, and allow me seek and earn the love and friendship of my Omnipresent Creator and let my heart be strengthened by His love and piety.

She would abandon the company of those who were nourished by the human desire to be wealthy and famous.

Oh, my princess! The heartthrob of my dominion's kingdom and the beloved idol of our subjects! Will you not stay and grace this royal position for the sake of all the people who love you so ardently? Uttering these words, the queen could not contain her tears.

The princess knelt before her mother, and spoke. “Oh, mother! Let me wipe away your tears for this meager world had never suited me nor was it made for one like me.

The love of man is most temporary and changing. Verily, today, a man may love you but tomorrow he shall love another with thrice that zeal and ardent passion. Today a royal guardsman kills for you but tomorrow he kills you to please another! Today a nobleman may be friends with you but tomorrow, his shall passionately befriend your enemy!

This temporary world and its impermanent people with their fleeting love and their changing loyalty does not appeal to me!

“My heart is too full of sincere love and if I ever pour the sea of my love on idle humans, then surely, they would have broken my heart and destroyed my soul with unrequited anger, unexpected vengeance and unfeeling revenge. This way, the false world would have made me the broken victim of other wavering false

lovers! Before the dawn of written or recorded history, human who pursued wealth and honor had to die unexpectedly and leave vestiges of their glory behind. While pursuing the depreciated and fictional love, and false and impermanent affection of humans, I fear my life span will come to a sudden end and my entire future in the next life will be most unsuccessful, while scores of other pious men and women who spent their lives engrossed in the worship and love of God will be in the highest position in God's eternal paradise, while I suffer waves of disappointment and regret and remorse! Verily, once a person's life comes to an end, his chance of repentance or forgiveness and salvation is closed, and shall never be opened again. All we have is this *one* life to earn whatever we can!"

Oh, mother! I want to spend every second of this short life, every minute of this unstable perishing life in the worship of my Creator and I hope to spend my days and nights in prayers for the salvation and goodness of all of humanity!
Surely, my heart is broken by the pain of this world, which has cut my heart into a million pieces and with every single one of

those pieces, I have resolved to love my Creator and try to spend every remaining breath of the counted days of my life in praying for humanity and for the salvation and success of all of mankind.

Oh, mother! The daughter God granted must go away with whatever strength she has left in her broken heart, lest your daughter's frail heart becomes the victim of this treacherous false world, its lust, its fake loves and its slaves!

Cold sweat poured down her forehead, and she tried to speak coherently. "Oh, mother! Indeed, it was your Lord who gave me to you at the advent of my birth and it will be my Lord Who will take me away in the end! So, permit me go to the altar of my Maker, and let me protect my heart and my body, my soul and my faith by hiding away from the sin-filled people who have all become the victim of this false lustful dystopian world, and have become filled with hatred and vindications towards fellow man. Truly, I fear if I stay here any longer, I might become like them. And there is nothing I fear more in the world than to die in wasteful tergiversation and sin."

Let me run away from the people of this world before they trap me in their vicious cycle of the slavery of lust and the vengeance towards God and hatred towards all free hearted people who worship Him and follow His pure laws!"

The young princess then said, "Oh, mother! How many kings had sat upon this throne prior to you, and how many monarchs will claim this throne after you? What devious and temporariness this life espouses, and O how these wealth and power are worthless to me?

Mother of mine! My heart yearns for what is everlasting and eternal like the love of my God. Verily, I know that this temporary world and its useless wealth and this passing life and this changeful humans with their fluctuating and unpredictable hearts holds no attraction for me!

"Verily, the world has shattered my susceptible but hopeful heart and has made it wary of unreliable promises of this earth, and I am wracked with pain and hopelessness! Let me cure the agony of my soul, and restore the strength in my

heart, and fulfill my spiritual hope with the piety and remembrance of my Creator!" The Princess Royal spoke haltingly, not wishing to cause undue grief to her mother's gentle heart. Which metaphysical doctrine could ever serve as the sole guide to humanity, she wondered. She knew her Creator was True and Just, and He would never mislead, misguide or deceive her! The vast riches of her kingdom were wooing her in vain. But nothing the people around her could say or do to remove the agitation from her heart.

The queen cried out, "But I am afraid, O my child, I am afraid for you!" She raised her proud face in an effort to remain calm, and thought of the time when her daughter was an adolescent, ready to rule this kingdom. The Princess Royal had spent her childhood years preparing for life as the future queen. It was for a life of nobility, power and prestige that she was indubitably destined.

The Princess Royal gave a reassuring nod before speaking. "Why are you afraid, O

mother! Who shall I be frightened of in this minuscule world which is swimming like a worn speck within our Milky Way, when the mighty God of this entire universe in none other than my own friend and master? Indeed, He is with me wherever I am! He sees my every thought and He knows my every wish!
Who shall I have to fear when the Creator and Sustainer of this tiny earth is my very own Cherisher and who listens to my every prayer and answers my every fear?"

The Queen of Hejaz sighed. "Oh, my angelic child! Your young heart will break without friends and family, O my child! Surely, your heart will break without love."

"Indeed, my heart is already broken!" The Princess Royal replied. "I have seen many people die and get incinerated in crematoriums or buried six feet below the earth, to rot and decay alone and reside in the subterranean enclave, lonesome and loveless. I too will die any minute or any second and will be buried six feet below the cold earth where no friends or lover or

family will stay with me in the grave. I will be alone there, mother, and since that is the only promised and the only true reality which many naïve people try not to believe in, but I know it is the ruthless truth I know my true address is my grave and not my throne or my palace. Since I will be in my grave alone with only God as my friend, I do not wish to distract myself with anything that is temporal, be it this life, this world, its feeble people or its false lovers.”

The crown princess endeavored to procure some words which would placate her mother's heart. “Your concern for the state of my heart is commendable and understandable,, she said, “but please understand, that the world has already broken my heart by deluging in with unimaginable fear of pain, loneliness and heartbreak. We all have to die one day! All those I cared about, all my loved ones, they each left me one after the other, until my heart crumbled into madness. O let me leave now and let God's love take my fear and pain away. Nothing in this world is real, and no one but God is real. No love but His love is real. No

relationship but His relationship is ever lasting!"

"When the heavens darken and the grave is dug when the hurricane strikes and when the earth is shaken in violent quakes and when death comes, no one can avoid going to the land of death and visit his Creator, and neither can anyone hide from him and nor can they avoid him. Only at the time of death will people realize how fake the world is. Its love, its wealth, its power, its comforts and its forgetful people are all a fickle thing. Only at the time of death will you realize that only the true friends of God are unafraid. Only those whose heart was fashioned and strengthened with God's love and power can be brazen enough to brave the maddening storms and heartbreaks of this life!"

The queen considered her daughter's words thoughtfully. Monarchy was one of the world's most exclusive society and kings and queens of neighboring empires would often gather in the Kingdom of Hejaz to discuss political and noble aspiration. Foreign rulers had deep respect and admiration for the Queen of Hejaz and they greatly looked forward to

the day when the Princess Royal would assume her role at the throne. But it was not to be, for her child had decided to pursue a path of spiritual ascension.

The princess continued to speak. “Oh, mother! If there was no God, then surely, I would have become a mad, raving lunatic, because how indeed can the fragile human heart bear the torment of mortals and shoulder the scorn of men and the hate of enemies and deception of friends?”

“Indeed, how do you expect me to eat gourmet meals knowing I might not live till the end of this very night? How can I awake in the alluring comfort of the palace halls unknowing if I shall remain among the living until the close of the day?”

How do you expect me to cheer and laugh not knowing if my beloved family, my sovereign mother and siblings, relatives and friends will not die tonight and get buried in front of me and leave me in the void forever?

How do you expect me to enjoy my comfortable silken bed and bask in the sunlit Royal chambers when I am not

**uncertain of whether the bed tonight will
be my grave and casket?"**

**The people of this kingdom were
appreciative of their queen's sense of
justice and equality, and they prized the
equilibrium between the royal family and
the ordinary subjects. However, it was the
ardent desire of the monarch that her
daughter should take the reign and rule
the majestic Hejaz with impunity. The
queen addressed her daughter and made
another attempt to persuade her, by
pointing out how desperately the subjects
of Hejaz wished her to ascend the throne.
The Princess Royal smiled tearfully at her
mother's words, and entreated. "Oh
mother, how can you tell me to live this lie
and enjoy this temporary and counterfeit
world?**

**How could you tell me to find peace and
comfort in this provisional life and
contemptible world?**

**How could you tell me to remain strong in
this world of hate and uncertainty, and be
resolute in the face of heartbreak, pain
and fear?**

**Which entity have I that would comfort
me in my darkest days, and who can
strengthen my fragile heart but God with
His eternal love and hope?"**

You know me best, dearest mother. Was not my heart always inherently fragile and weak? How can I conjure the strength to fight and live in a temporary world when I know my time will end and my loved ones will be gone and this transitory world shall have no rapport or importance for me?"

She removed the glittering necklace of braided pearl and rubies around her throat and raised her eyes, returning her treasured possession without reservation.

The Queen of Hejaz replied: "Oh, my daughter! Had not the sun become jealous of me when I gave birth to you? Has not the moon rejoiced when he saw you? Have not I loved you most undyingly and unendingly? Then forget me not when you depart from me, for I cannot keep you away from the God who loves you more than I ever could, and I shall therefore not come between you and your Lord nor would I force you to stay in this sin-filled world where most men fall astray!"

Uttering her commendations, the queen said in a soft voice. "Come near, my darling princess! Come close to me, O pride of my heart and carrier of my

legacy. Take this bejeweled necklace which I inherited from my forefathers, all of whom were kings of the sands and kings of the seas! Take this and place it near your heart.”

The Princess Royal humbly accepted the necklace, and as per her mother’s instructions, she fastened it around her neck.

The Queen of Hejaz beamed with pride and said, “Oh, my heartthrob, my proud lineage and bloodline! Never take this necklace off and when you look at it, remember your mother who loves you more than all the creatures on earth and heaven could ever imagine! Keep it and never forget it! Never lose it, my child, and never forget the love of your mother!

The crown princess of Hejaz promised to remember her mother, pressed a hand over the pearl necklace with a curved diamond clasp, and prepared to leave the vast kingdom, because she knew her God was the noble Deity who stipulated mankind to observe tolerance even in war, to abstain from food and water periodically even while deluged in affluence, and retain remnants of decency even wretchedness. She knew her future life in the wilderness would be far more

productive and successful than a meager existence in the desert kingdom. However, although the princess was eager to leave, the teary farewell from her mother broke her and hearing the queen's parting words, she too burst into tears, and held out both her hands toward her mother and kneeled down! She cried out in a harsh whisper as she could not contain her guilt and said these phrases like a dying person's last word. "Forgive me! Oh, my mother! Forgive your only child although she knows she least deserves it!"

The Queen of Hejaz looked bemused momentarily. "Forgive you, my child? No! Indeed, no mother could be angry at the baby she carried in her womb and gave birth, defying mortal pain and death!"

"Oh, child! Let me turn away now, for I cannot bear to see you walk away from me.

Let me turn around and hide my face! If you must leave, do so soundlessly so that my heart is not haunted with the receding echoes of the footsteps of my heart's darling!

Oh, my child! Let me close my eyes for I cannot bear to see you leave me! I cannot

**contain in my memory the last image of
my child leaving me and going away!"**

**So, the Queen of Hejaz sobbed
uncontrollably and turned her face away.
She clasped her arms together with
whatever besieged strength she could
conjure, and she turned not for a long
time, weeping in a hurricane of
convulsing grief.**

**Indeed, the queen's heart had become
heavy with the bereavement that felt, as
though it would swell and burst her heart
away.**

**The only thought that vexed her mind was
her life in the hereafter, her situation
after death. She wondered how she would
be received in heaven. How shall I fare
when the Angel of the Annunciation will
announce my final hour and bid me to
meet my Lord? Shall I be privileged with
the Divine Grace of my Maker? Such
thoughts consumed her mind as she
prepared for the journey far away from
hinterland.**

**As the Princess Royal headed to her new
and unchartered destiny, she descended**

from the adjacent hill, and guided the Arabian stallion along the serpentine side roads, which was very dark, even blacker than previously, for storm clouds now obscured the path, but the princess went on and on, until she bypassed the borders of Hejaz and located a spacious wilderness where she halted. It was time for her evening prayers, and the crown princess of Hejaz knelt to pray and remained engrossed in the remembrance of her Lord until the sun rose upon the hill.

The next morning, she noticed caravans passing by the ridge in the valley, and not wishing to be accosted by strangers who would interfere in her prayers, she mounted her stallion and rode until she arrived at the midst of the steppes, where she once more dismounted and became occupied in prayers.

THE EVENING PRAYER

"O Thou who gavest life, who causeth death,
Watch o'er me now I lay me down to sleep;
My body rest, renew, as Thou hast saith
Thou wilt for those who Thy commandments keep!
Let no thought of the morrow cause me pain,
Nor fearsome dreams disturb nocturnal rest;
So health and vigour renew'd I may gain
To work for Thee as Thou may deem it best;
If be for me that earth no more shall be,
And that the thread of life for me has run,
I bow my head to Thy Divine decree,
And trust my deeds Thy fav'ring glance have won.
Whate'er betides, in peace I lay me down to rest,
Resign'd to fate, because, Allah, Thou knowest best."

by William Henry Quilliam

Such was the new life of the Princess Royal, who only a fortnight ago, had hundreds of servants, guardsmen and maids attending to her every need. Now she occasionally rode over the rocky and treacherous mountains and often lived in the impenetrable forests of the coastal regions, where neither humans nor animals accosted her.

When darkness set in, rather than sinking into a deep sleep, the crown princess of Hejaz would stand before the God of Abraham and weep and pray until dawn broke and the birds overhead began to chirp and sing.

The days turned into weeks and the weeks became months, until summer's warmth had fled from the winds, and the chilled winter air began to seep into her fragile bones. The young princess was

unaccustomed to the harsh weather of this county and she soon tasted fever and chills for the first time. Living alone in the wilderness, the Princess Royal ignored her discomforts and continued to worship the God of Abraham. She often felt tired but the frenzy in her mind had chased away sleep.

In spite of the fatigue of her body, the princess remained awake all night and prayed to her Maker.

One evening, the rain was pounding and the princess shuddered violently, feeling a sudden chillness spread over her body. She decided it was time to seek a humble lodging where she could remain among other worshippers of God and pray together.

With this thought in mind, she conscientiously yielded to human weakness and began to find her way to a town.

The paleness of poverty was spread over her face, and the once glowing cheeks and gorgeous eyes were now hollow, and the finely permed and brushed hair on her head was quite lusterless.

She crossed the unpaved roads of the impoverished hamlet, and greatly exhausted, rested intermittently by the shade of leafless trees. The small cottage

**yonder was painted in fresh white powder
and looked exquisitely neat with a
preened garden surrounding it.**

**The Princess Royal was so ill and weak,
that she decided to seek employment at
that house and earn a few coins so to
appease her hunger or rest indoors for the
night. She had not eaten in days, and her
once youthful strength had waned. It was
in such a dire state that she arrived at the
center of a somber city, where a lone
cottage was recessed against a bare
landscape. She dragged her tired legs
along and arrived at the doorstep,
overcome with exhaustion and hunger.
She knocked mildly upon the door and a
well-attired elderly woman opened.
Behind her stood the inhabitants of that
dwelling. Nearly fifty young girls were
bustling about, and when the princess
inquired in a low and faltering voice if she
could live and work here during the
winter. She assured the matron that she
required no wages, only a place to sleep at
night.**

**The elderly woman beamed with joy, and
ushered the Princess Royal in. She began
to question the royal about her work
experience, and the princess answered
truthfully.**

“Honorable woman! I am a stranger in these lands, and to tell the truth, I have never worked before, but I am willing to assist you in any way I can.”

“Young lady,” the matron said, “you speak very eloquently for a vagrant! I shall appoint you a teacher in this pious institution so you can administer wise instruction and impart graceful manners to the children. Would that agree with your expectation?”

“Yes, yes,” the Princess Royal murmured. The matron further inquired if the Princess Royal would agree to be the cook in this house as well. “You see, with fifty children here, we have a lot of chores to be done around the kitchen.”

The crown princess of Hejaz nodded quickly. “Certainly! I shall gladly do all the chores that need to be attended to in the kitchen. Please show me my work place.”

The matron, who did not suspect for a moment that the house guest she was taking in was the most beloved princess of Hejaz, beamed with satisfaction at hiring a young educated woman in her small school and addressing her pupils, she exclaimed: “Girls, it seems God had sent us a gift! Our new houseguest has offered to assist us.”

That very night, the princess assumed her new duties and glanced up at the unclouded sky and praised the God of Abraham for granting her shelter at an educational institution.

Once midnight fell upon the land, she devoted herself in profound prayers and continued to hymn the praise of her God until the sun rose and the pupils awoke. The next morning, the matron of the school looked bewildered with joy.

“What a miracle!” She cried, waving her hands in earnest, as she gestured to the pupils. “Never did I see a cleaner room!” Passing her hands over the floor, she continued. “I have never seen so much work being done in one night. In all my years, no worker or employee had been able to dust the entire floor and wash so many dishes in the few hours of the night!”

Then the old woman faced the princess directly and demanded. “Tell me, young lady, how did you manage to do so much work in one night? How did you find the strength or stamina to do the work of ten men? I and my pupils must thank you most heartily!”

The Princess Royal smiled demurely and muttered, “My Lord, who is the God of Abraham, assists me in everything, hence

there is no need to express gratitude to me, for it is not inherently my doing."

The matron said nothing, and the pupils looked on in hushed awe.

The next evening, the matron decided to discover how her new employee managed to do so much work in such a short time, so she ventured to follow her and spy on her as she worked. When night fell upon the cottage, the matron heard the melodious tone of recitation echoing from the kitchen. It was the young employee! Why, instead of retiring to bed like the others, was this youthful employee reading verses of the Final Testament?

Curious beyond herself, the matron slowly crossed the corridor and peeked in through the door that was ajar.

Inside, she saw the young woman seated motionless on the ground, engrossed in worship of her Lord. Soft moonbeams were gleaming on the wooden panels and she was oblivious to her surroundings, but a strange phenomenon was taking place. The broom was automatically moving vigorously over the floor, and dusting away all the debris, while the pot over the stove was stirring itself!

Such horror and shock overcame the matron that she did not want to believe the scene before her to be real! No! She

thought. It must be a dream. It cannot be real! Surely in my old age, I am losing my grasp on reality! The girls! Yes, she mused thoughtfully. I shall summon all the pupils down here so they can affirm this scene and confirm what I am seeing is real. It was too bizarre to be true! How could the broom and the dishes be moving without any assistance? How was it possible for this young woman to read the Final Testament so melodiously and all the chores around her were being done automatically?! The glow of the moon was reflecting on the dishes which were moving on its own accord, and spoons and bowls, glasses and plates, and all other utensils were rising from the used heap and in a miraculous way, the dish sponge was scrubbing the dishes without any assistance, as the young woman sat nearby, weeping and reciting the Final Testament from memory.

Believer's Prayer

**"Most honour to the men of prayer,
Whose mosque is in them everywhere!
Who, amid revel's wildest din,
In war's severest discipline,
On rolling deck, in thronged bazaar,
In stranger land, however far,**

**However different in their reach
Of thought, in manners, dress, or speech,
Will quietly their carpet spread,
To Mekkeh turn the humble head,
And, as if blind to all around,
And deaf to each distracting sound,
In ritual language God adore,
In spirit to His presence soar,
And, in the pauses of the prayer,
Rest, as if rapt in glory there.”**

M. Dods (11 April 1834 - 26 April 1909)

**This was the utterly mesmerizing miracle
of her new employee, a strange but
beautiful young woman who had knocked
on her door, attired in tattered garments
and possessing no worldly fortune. The
matron raced back to the main hall and
bade the children and young girls to
awake.**

**“Come quickly!” She cried. “You must see
something which no mortal has seen
before! You shall witness a miracle of God
which was never performed by any saint
known to man!”**

**With these words, she ushered the pupils
to the lower landing and instructed them
to walk soundlessly and peer into the**

room in which the new employee was still reading the verses of the Final Testament. It was way past midnight but still sat the solitary young employee, who was still a stranger and whose origins were unknown, she continued to recite verses of the Final Testament in a melancholy tone and all the pupils witnessed how the dishes were moving automatically and the broom was cleaning the floor vigorously and all the while, the young stranger was preoccupied in her devoted worship to God.

The young pupils could not contain their excitement and began to raise a commotion.

The Princess Royal sensed someone was nearby and her hair stood bristling with alarm. There were shrill murmurs echoing somewhere nearby, but she chose to remain oblivious to all interruptions and continued praying and commune with her God.

In the midst of her recitation of the Final Testament, the Princess Royal again heard several slow and halting steps descending the staircase.

With an involuntary step, she leapt to her feet, gasping as numerous lights flickered at the doorway and glimmered upon the room.

She stopped reading the lines of the Final Testament and immediately, all the miraculous activity that were taking place ceased. The broom stopped moving across the floor. The dishes halted and fell softly in the basin. The stirring ceased inside the boiling pot. There was a hushed silence as the matron entered the room and faced the utterly alarmed employee.

“I wish you never saw me or heard of me!” The young woman cried. “My relationship with the spiritual realm, and my love for God was a secret that was not to be revealed or known to many mortals. My prayers and devotion were not to be seen by any humans, for verily the secrecy of my religious zeal was a gift given to me by my God and it was a power I had over the rest of the creation!”

“I was thunder struck and shocked, O young employee of mine,” said the matron apologetically. “We were awestruck of your miraculous actions! Pray, tell me why you wished your miracle to be a secret?”

“I hoped to be known to no one except God. Truly, fame is my curse, and the love of people and their respect is my tragedy and the attention of men is the root of all evil. How malevolent is one human’s addiction for another man! Alone, people can thrive forever and is never harmed,

**but it is from his fellow human beings
that all terror in this life comes from.”**
**She paused. “Alas! Would that I was in a
jungle! Would that I never came here!**
**Indeed, the Prophet spoke the truth! Was
it not his prophetic narration that soon
the best property of a believer will be a
flock of sheep he takes to the top of a
mountain, or in the valleys of rainfall,
fleeing with his religion from tribulations!**
**No chaste men or women would be able to
survive except in a jungle because the
anger and hatred and envy of fellow man
will become so great!”**

**“It is my guilt and for that I apologize!”
Proffered the matron.**

**“Oh, honorable woman!” The young
woman asked pleadingly. “Have you told
anyone else about me and my worship of
God?”**

**With eyes downcast, and heart trembling
and ready to convulse, the matron
confessed to her the whole truth and told
her about how she summoned all the
pupils to witness the miracle.**

**Upon hearing those words, the Princess
Royal’s eyes became teary. “Oh, woman!”
She said, “you have betrayed my piety to
men of the world. No wish had I ever, for
my status to be known. Have you really
exposed me to the world? How could you**

have injured me such? Verily, my love for my god was to be secret unknown to any soul, living or dead! You have betrayed me unwittingly, O unfortunate one!"

"The folly had been mine alone!" The elderly matron cried out penitently. "What shall you do now, O pious worshipper of Allah?"

"Now, my life has to come to an end for this world can no longer keep me in its breast. I fear humans for they try to destroy creation's love for their Lord!"

The Crown Princess of Hejaz said. "You have rendered me a great injury unknowingly, but my time on this world now must come to an end!"

"O how, how could you have exposed my secret? No human on earth and no seraph in heaven was to learn of my devotion, or was to know of my love for my God!" The princess bewailed. "Say, why have you exposed me?! Why have you revealed me to the intrusive memory of the people of this world?!"

As the Princess Royal spoke, tears of sorrow filled her eyes, and she recalled the final farewell that passed between herself and her mother. It had been a strenuous time for all, and yet she chose the One God and His eternal Paradise over the kingdom and dominion of the world.

Both love for God and hope in His Mercy emerged from the matrix of her heart which was interrelated with the coast of eternity and limitless opportunities of her life. She was the daughter of a queen. She was the princess royal of the Kingdom of Hejaz. Her destiny was to ascend the coveted throne. Her birth was a source of enlightenment for the people of Hejaz, but she wanted nothing from her kingdom, and only hoped to be left alone in solitude where she could earn the mercy of her Lord.

Thus, the young worshipper exclaimed, “Oh, woman! I am afraid of the praise and scorn of human beings, and I had abandoned all wealth and left behind all known people and things in order to make a path in my heart to reach unto the grace of God, and sought the wilderness so that I could be away from the thoughts and knowledge of other humans.” Outside, the full moon floated in the sky in tranquil travesty and the princess cried. “Woe unto me, that my close relationship with my God had been discovered! Whither shall I go?”

“Oh, beautiful maiden! Verily I had not known! Had I known the truth, I would never have said the words I uttered. O find it in your heart to forgive me!” The

matron cried out. “But why do you seek secrecy in your worship, O my young employee?”

“Do you know that it is impossible for people to remain righteous and pious in this world?” The princess explained.

“Being in the company of men destroys one’s soul and removes the love of God from the heart. Human beings are a distraction unto fellow human beings. Are you not aware that no pious man or woman is immune from the jealousy and hatred of man, and the world is dangerous place where the sight and ensuing envy of human begins can destroy anyone and anything, so it is better if God takes my life away while I still have faith and while my love for Him and His love for me is still intact.”

With a great sight, she said, “O how many a pious man or woman have gone astray due to the jealousy of others, even the presence of their family sometimes! Alas! I should never have come here! I should have escaped into a cave or hidden in a jungle where no one would see me. I should have run away from here!”

“Oh, God of Heaven! Forgive me!” Said I, passionate tears flooding my eyes. I was in awe of her piety and my heart was mesmerized by her honor and beauty.

The young pious worshipper of the Most High and Merciful Lord was in distress, and the matron had no wish or desire to let her be gone from her sight, so great was her concern for her. She thought of every possible way she could help her, and so she inquired, "Is there nothing I can do for you, O young girl?"

"No! Indeed, there is nothing! How dreadful is my fate that I have been discovered! Whither shall I go to save myself and my Faith?" She answered with a sigh. "But do assist me to leave this place before the inquisitorial people of the world should know of me and my devotion to my Lord."

The matron of the school in which the Princes Royal was employed stepped nervously into the marble hall and addressed the Queen of Hejaz. "Oh, noble Queen! I have come bearing the most grievous news a parent could hear! I have come to tell you that your princess has passed away and went on to the next life and she had bequeathed this piece of

jewelry to me, so that I could return them to you and convey her greetings and her apologies to you.”

“How did you come to know my precious child?” Exclaimed the monarch.

“Indeed, it is my shame to admit this, but I have sworn to only speak the truth in your presence, and I must admit that I had employed your daughter in my school as a common worker in the kitchen, so she could tend to the pupils and assist them in their daily chores.”

“Chores?” Cried the sovereign. “What chores?”

“She worked in the kitchen and cleaned the hearth and swept the floors,” the elderly matron said hastily.

“Oh, old woman! The Queen of Hejaz uttered in the most piteous cry. “Have you really made my daughter, my darling princess, clean the floor of your home?”

“But I can explain,” she uttered desperately.

The Queen of Hejaz sighed. “Then explain to me what happened! Spare nothing! Tell me everything!”

With a great sigh, the elderly matron began to relate her tale to the Queen.

The matron began continued narrating her experience to the Queen of Hejaz: I had employed your daughter and, in my employment, I witnessed her miracle.

When I found out about her miracles, and how all her chores were being done by a miracle, she complained bitterly and resolved to leave.

Uttering these words, the young woman departed from my presence, and I saw her rushing wildly through the streets and heading towards the direction of the sandy shores. I suspected that she was going to get on a boat or a dinghy. This alarmed me, for I knew the water of the sea could become very cold and rough. How would she survive on a boat alone? I swiftly followed the young woman down to the sea, and saw her embarking on a boat. By the time I arrived at the shore, she was sailing away on a small dilapidated boat. This section of the Hejaz coast was ideal for the kind of voyage the princess had in mind. As the distance from the suburbs lengthened, the flatland began sloping upward until the road, twisting itself like a snake along the coast, was at least a hundred feet above the sea whose waves lapped leisurely at beaches extending from the base of the rocky elevation. As

she departed from the sandy beach, with a great roar, the rain began to pound upon them. In desperation, through clouds of black rain, she rowed.

Intending to pursue her, I waited until there came a favorable wind which enabled me to set sail in pursuit of the helpless young woman who I believed was in mortal danger in the loneliness of the choppy sea water.

Frantically, I rowed after her until we had traversed nearly the distance of one day's journey into the midst of the ocean.

The sky overhead began to darken and was soon overcast. The salty wind was picking up speed and a floating sea storm raged onwards, directly towards us!

In the darkness of the night, she could feel the full brunt of the storm and heard distinctly the winds that howled and tore the boat beneath her.

Bolts of thunder and lightning stuck my boat and I trembled in pain and fear, and suddenly, I felt myself falling into the icy ocean, and fierce wind whipping and tossing me over the colossal waves.

The graceful young woman was a little further ahead, and I cried out to her for help, and begged her to assist me.
She turned at once, and came to my rescue with great concern. She plunged her hands directly into the raging sea water, and no sooner had her fingers touched the ocean water, the waves quieted and become perfectly still under her touch!
One moment, the storm was raging like a hurricane, and a current was pulling me away deeper into the raging sea, and the next second, the ocean was calm as though there never have been a hurricane in this part of the sea, from the beginning of time. It acted like a miracle under the touch of her noble hands.

I could not fathom how the ocean, which was covered in waves that flung water as high as the mountains and crashed into my boat could calm down and become so serene the second she touched the water! I had never seen a scene more wondrous and miraculous in my life.

The water became perfectly still, and I was able to raise my soaking body from the water and pull myself on her boat, but then my eyes fell on the dark ominous

clouds that still swirled overhead. The young woman noticed my agitation, and with a reassuring smile, she raised her beautiful face at the skies and said: "O raging storm! Calm down, by the might of your Lord! O sky! Cease thundering your storms by the might of your Lord!" No sooner had these words passed the young woman's lips, I saw the sky clear, and the wind slowing to a standstill and the clouds scattering away, until not a speck of the black cloud could be visible. The sky was pristine and blue as a sparkling pool of crystalline water.

Now, the smooth Atlantic surface reflected the soft sun rays, glowing with the gentle colors of the rainbow. The peaceful water seemed to be inundated with a kind of silent music that calms the weariest hearts. The young woman made a great effort to comfort me and helped me become dry. I noticed she was looking frail and exhausted, but her lips were constantly moving in prayers, as she uttered praises and hymns of her Lord. The once livid air was now filled with the bloom of the rainbows, and the surface of the ocean was covered in warm, creative rays!

I, too, had become overwhelmed by the ordeal of this day, and sat at one corner of the boat. Th young woman bade me to rest, but first removed an elegant bejeweled necklace from her nape and handed it to me, imploring me to take it to her mother directly should anything happen to her, or if she passed away. The instructions appeared bizarre to me, but I nodded my approval and agreed to do her bidding.

Then, in a stupor of fatigue, I fell asleep, as the boat rocked gently over the calm sea water.

In my slumber, I heard the young woman raise her voice and supplicate to her Lord in the following words:

“Oh, God of my heart! This love between You, my Lord, and me, was a secret.! No man could know of it, no human or animal should ever have known!

Have you exposed me, my Lord? Shall all the men and women of the land come to learn of my clandestine devotion to You? Shall they all know of my relationship with You?

Will they find out all about my secret thoughts and my heart’s yearnings for heaven and meeting with You?

Have you exposed my secret, O Lord of my soul?

Alas! What part of me earned the misfortune to be discovered by humans!

Oh, Lord! I ran away from humans and escaped from their love and hate!

I fled from the unpeaceful world wherein men fight and die for fickle things, where men kill and murder each other thinking they will live forever!

My Lord! I have studied and mountains and the stars which crowned it, and in every corner, I saw beauty of my Creator. I traversed oceans and hiked in forests and saw the glamorous creatures that it contained, and I knew the Maker of such wonders was a Divine being, who excelled in perfection. Oh, Lord of my heart and soul! I sought to gain nearness to Your Glory! Forgive me, O God of heavens and earth! Forgive me, O Lord, and let me be loved by You even when I am gone from this hateful world!"

"I deserted my palaces! I gave away the keys of my kingdom! I gave away my heart to You! I gave away my soul to You! This was meant to be a secret between my Lord and me.

No human did I want to find out about our divine love. Oh, God of my soul! These

**tears that I shed in longing and love for
You were to be known only to You and
none but You!"**

**"Oh, world! What have I done to be
exposed to You? Is my Lord and His
friendship with me no longer a secret?
Is the Power that he gives me no longer a
secret?**

**Shall men talk of me around the city?
Will humans and their judgment come
between my God's love and me?**

**Shall I no longer be able to worship my
lord in the secrecy of the darkness, devoid
of the constraints of time?**

**Shall I no longer be able to cry unto my
lord in the secrecy of the night?**

**Woe unto me! Has my identity really been
exposed as a saint, so that all those in the
world can know of my love for my Lord?**

Alas! It was not meant to be like this.

**Woe to me! It was never meant to be like
this!**

**My devotion was supposed to be a secret
between my Lord and me!**

**Oh, God of my soul! If You should let the
people around me know of what lies in
this heart of mine, then let me leave their
world and call me soon to You!**

**Verily, I have no wish or dream to live on
this man-infested world. I find no peace,**

my Lord, without the secret prayers of the night and my clandestine love for You which no mortal knew about.

Oh, how can I live when all should know of me?

How can I live a moment longer in this painful world where death stalks me at every turn and humans forget their Creator and remain engrossed in hoarding wealth and killing one another over obtaining more of the useless riches?!

No peace can I ever find in this world of betrayal and heartbreak, O God of mine!

My heart is dried and shattered by the anguish I witnessed. My heart is saddened by the pride and hate of men who hold abhorrent lust of gold and power!

Oh, the fleeting world and the brief duration of this life! Oh, the fighting human against another human! How I wish to escape the mortal domain!

Your love alone gives me peace, O Lord of my soul!

Your love alone gives me happiness in this lonely and loveless world!

I bear witness that no love but Your love is real, and therefore, I turn to You fervently, and my love for You shall be of the epitome heights which no human is to know.

Oh, Lord of my soul! I desire not to be an object of amusement, and I wish not to be a fickle thing that ignorant men will gossip about! Indeed, I fear their judgment! I abhor their praise. I fear the hate of men! I fear their love and emotions, so do take me away from the world of humans and allow me to be near Your grace!

I trust only You, O Lord, to take the pain away from this wrought soul of mine and bless it with Your love and mercy!

She was in awe of the Deity who created all the visible phenomena of nature and who controlled all the invisible workings of the universe. In her devotion to her maker, the Crown Princess of Hejaz decided to abandon her positions, her titles, her royal palaces, and seek refuge in the wilderness, where she could worship her God, in the solitude of the vast plains. She, however, was desperate for her devotion and prayers to remain a secret, unknown to any man or beast. This sudden change in her austere life alarmed and grieved her, and she supplicated to her Lord once more: Oh, God of my soul! Be the owner of my heart and let it beat and live and die for

you. I beg of You to free me from this painful world for now my secret is no longer a secret.

Have mercy on this heart, which has no more strength in it to fight in order to live this temporary life for such a short time!"

"Oh, God of my soul! Let me cry to You one last time and then let me be free from mankind and this scandalous world of men!

O this heart is Yours, O Lord, and it was always Yours and can never be anyone's but Yours! But O the madness that encompasses me whenever I observe this gruesome world which is to become my tomb!"

The Princess Royal of Hejaz had denounced the ineffective plutocracy of this kingdom and decided to live as a humble worshipper of God who was not a princess born from regal roots, but of a humble origin. She only desired the eternal Grace and Love of her Maker, the One God of Abraham. Even as she prayed, she thought about the love her Lord has for her, and she cried out:

O this maddening world with all its people living without purpose, without Your heavenly knowledge, without the hope of an eternal life!

**Oh, what has the world to offer to my
broken soul?**

**What has this life to offer me but pain and
sadness and the fear of an imminent
death which shall come without warning
and take every living thing away and the
world itself shall be destroyed and none
but my Lord shall reign.**

**Why did I brave this turbulent life but to
gain Your love, O Supreme and Merciful
God of Abraham! Only with Your love can I
survive the wrath of this worldly life!**

**This love of Yours have kept me hopeful in
the darkest nights and dreariest day when
all men became enemies of one another
and kingdoms fought and ransacked for
the sake of dishonest love and false
wealth but I saw Your love and Your power
and Your might, and I noticed death
hovering behind mankind, ready to seize
their soul away into a nothingness of fear
and scorn!**

**Oh, God of my soul! This heart is wrought
with astringent fear and mind is numbed
by the thought of humans knowing of my
love for You!**

Save me from humans, and their harsh world! Oh, God of my broken soul! Save me from the hate and love of humans and call me soon to You!

Save me from the fighting of wealth and power! Protect me from the hatred of those who despise faith! Save me from the scorn and antagonism of those who are slaves of love and lust! Protect me from the slavery of lust and free me from this accursed world!

Free me from this accursed world that deceives all men with allurements, and beguiles some with wealth, some with love, some with hate and some with lust! My Merciful Lord of the heavens and the earth! The world and all its promises are false to me!

It holds only sadness and depression that makes the wise men mad in fear and hopelessness. There is no happiness for me to look forward to, for every happiness of this world is false, every love is fake, every lover is false, every life shall end and every soul shall forget.

Call me soon to You, O God of my wrecked soul! Hear my cry when I wail at night for fear of this world and fear of my afterlife and be with me in my grave and give me

Your companionship in my journey to the next life!

O how the time clicks away and how swiftly the seconds and minutes race away, bringing my death closer and closer to me! Death awaits me!

Come, O death! Take this soul of mine who loved her God earnestly! Take it away from this world! I have no more reason to live for, no more reason to survive this pain filled disagreeable life!

The Princess Royal eagerly awaited death, hoping her demise would come soon. She knew the life in the hereafter would be so serene and beautiful that she would never have to face human fear or pain again. She was aware that the power and regal lifestyle of this world were mere trivialities that would disappear just as the dust of previous empires had dissipated into nothingness long before she was born.

Death is so near, O my Creator! Hear me now and accept my prayers and save me from the knowledge of humans!

What use is the love and hate of humans when my end comes and my body is buried

away and my soul is with my Lord and Master!

All those who are born must die, and I beg of You for a death soon, before the men of this world learn on me and begin to seek me out and search for me!

Oh, God of this universe! My love for You was a secret, a thing no soul should have known. My love for You and Your love for me never did I want any humans to know.

God's Will

**I have no wish, oh Allah, but Thy will;
I have no chart but Thy unerring word
Which in the cave the Holy Prophet heard
That blessed night upon bleak Hira's hill.**

**I trust in Thee, I wait in patience still
For the reward for all that I have wrought,
For good deeds done, for battles grimly fought
'Gainst passion's might and all the hosts of ill.**

My inmost heart, my very thoughts are known;

**There is no secret hidden, unconfess'd,
For Thou dost search, Oh Allah , every
breast,
That power is Thine, and only Thine
alone.
So let me live, Oh God, so let my life be
passed,
That when I die, I rest with Thee at last."**

William Henry Quilliam, 1904

**This power You gave me when You made
the world subservient to my commands
was a secret no soul should have known
and no eyes should have seen.
But I am exposed, and who is there in this
world who can surpass the love I have for
my lord?
Who can equal the love of a woman who
had witnessed the madness of this world
and felt its pain, hatred, ridicule, and saw
its killing, tortures, and illicitness, and
had found refuge with the One God of
Abraham?**

**"Oh, God of Abraham! Oh, the Lord and Creator of the seven heavens and earth!
Take me to you before the humans of this world draws a wedge between my love and You!"**

Oh, God of my soul! Let this life of mines become yours before the men whom the world has broken, and misguided, deviated and deceived should know of my love for You and Your love for me!

O, call me soon to You, O Lord of my soul, and take this life which always belonged to You!

Keep my heart in Your Paradise, and let my soul be safe with You, so no man or beast can know of my clandestine worship or my compelling life or my enigmatic death."

She knew she must follow the noble impulses of her soul. Nothing in this realm happened in isolation, and the cycles of day and night, the enigma of life and death were all phenomena of the One God Abraham.

She prayed directly to her Lord. "O Omnipresent and All-Hearing God of Moses and Adam! Let no human come between us, or try to interfere between my love for You and Your love for me."

“Guide the people of this earth, O God of mine!

Guide them and let them know of Your boundless love and let them not chase after the love of false and disloyal lovers who will love them today, but will love their enemies tomorrow and try to destroy them.

Let these men and women discover the beauty of Your love and become pure hearted and forget about the hate and love of this world and its people.”

“Oh, owner of my soul! Forgive me and love me and let the day I meet with you linger no farther and bring it close to me! Oh, how happy is the fate of one who abandoned worldly pleasures, and who is sincerely faithful and blest! How sweet a life it would be to live with such heavenly glories!

Over the horizon, the gale had abated, and the young damsel continued to entreat in a loving voice. The wind had lulled and the only sound resonating around was the soft whistle of the Western Wind. Death was awaiting them! Oh, what condition were they in! Little did this frail traveler know that when she set out in the early part of the day, in all the gaiety of health and strength of youthful vigor, that she

would be met face to face with a melancholy fate, condemned to a prolonged period of suffering, and endure a horrible termination of her earthly existence.

The certainty of death was clear in her mind. What her feelings were at that time, she could scarcely describe!"

The Princess Royal once more uttered several heartfelt prayers.

"Oh, world! You have nothing to offer to me!

**Oh, world! have no love for your wealth!
Oh, world! I found no happiness in your fame or power.**

Oh, world! Everything you have will end very soon and all those men who fight fiercely for wealth and to obtain or please their lovers will die and lay rotting tomorrow while their beloved one will find new lovers and their wealth will be seized by the hands of their enemies and their children will forget about even their existence and those you deceived, swindled and fought will have no one but God as their companion!

Deceive everyone else, O world, but I have seen your fallibility of your wealth and I

**have seen the its temporariness and I
have seen the short duration of your
honor!**

**Verily, I have witnessed the uselessness of
your wealth.**

**I have seen the falseness of the lovers of
this world and witnessed their changing
loyalty and hateful blemished hearts.**

**Nothing you have to offer me, O world,
and no luxury of this earth can tempt me!**

**The extreme storm surge threatened to
flood away their boat, but the young
woman continued to speak with her
Maker: "I have found my Lord and I shall
return to Him, and go far away from this
painful world of fighting and hating and
killing."**

**As the storm raged around her, the gull of
the gale vanished and the birds in the
clouds fled, and only the young
worshipper of God and her travelling
companion remained. The frightening
waves towered above them as the young
woman prayed earnestly to her Maker
with the following words:**

O Almighty, Omniscient Lord of Adam and Abraham! Firmly root us on the pedestal of Faith and support us in our trials and subjugate to us this sea of tribulations as You subjugated the Sea to Moses, and as You subjugated the fire to Abraham and as You subjugated the mountains and the iron to David and as You subjugated the wind and the demons and spirits to Solomon, and subjugate to us every sea of Yours on the Earth, in the Skies, the Dominions and the Heavenly Realm, and the Sea of this world and the Sea of the World to come. And subjugate to us everything!

O You in Whose Hand is the dominion over everything! Aid us, for You are the best of those who aid. And open for us our way, for You are the best of those who open. And forgive us our excesses, for You are the best of Forgivers. And have mercy upon us, for You are the best of those who Show Mercy. And provide for us, for You are the best of Providers. And protect us as You are the best of Protectors. And guide and deliver us from the people of Oppression.

Oh, Most High! Oh, Exalted! Grant us a fair wind according to Your Knowledge and waft it upon us from the Treasures of

Your infinite Mercy. Carry us by the conveyance of Your Generosity with Peace in our lives in this world and in the world to come as verily over all things You have power. (Final Testament 3:26)

Oh, God of Abraham! Make easy for us our situations and grant respite to our souls and rest for our hearts and our bodies, and shower peace and well-being in our spiritual and worldly lives and be to us our Companion in our journey and the Guardian of our family. Efface the faces of our enemy. Freeze them in their places so that they are unable to go or to come against us.

Oh, Gentle! Oh, All Knowing God! You are my Sustainer and Your knowledge is my sufficiency, how excellent a Sustainer is my Sustainer; how excellent a Sufficer is my Sufficer. You aid whom You choose, and You are the All-Powerful, the Most Merciful. We ask of Your Protection in our movements and our stillness, in our words and our desires, and our thoughts; from the suspicions and the doubts and the illusions that veil our hearts from the perception of the unseen.”
Upon finishing the prayer, she added this statement:

“I shall leave this world, and go to my Maker, and I shall live with my Allah till the end of eternity.”

Her soft words had struck like an arrow in my heart and I fought to stop myself from weeping.

“Oh, beautiful one!” I entreated. “Why do you speak of death so reassuringly?”

With a glowing voice, she said, “Verily, death is my only escape from this painful world, so let me go to my Lord!

The young woman exhorted to me softly again. “Oh, honorable woman! Let my mother know of my death and bury me in the name of my God! Mourn me not for I shall be with my God, the master of my heart the owner of my life! No one but He had I ever to sustain me, and no one but He have I now to comfort me, so let me go to my God and soothe the heart of my mourning mother and give her suitable counseling to lessen her grief.”

She handed her over a bracelet that was lying at her feet. It took me but a moment to recognize that jewelry. Undoubtedly, the regalia carved on it was plain and obvious. That treasure belonged to none

other than the queen of our entire peninsula.

The ailing young woman strained to speak in her pained voice, and implored, “Take this bracelet to my mother, and beg of my mother to forgive me for I have hurt her heart but let her know my heart was too broken to bear this life and live any longer in this cruel world! Oh, do let my mother know my words and ensure it that she receives these jewels.

Oh, honest friend! Soothe the heart of my mother for I fear for her very life, lest she should mourn me too deeply!”

The pious woman said in earnest: “Beg her for forgiveness from me! for it was my wish never to have hurt her! Oh, let her know that indeed I loved her, for who could love a mother more than her own blood daughter!

Verily, my heart is breaking, O friend, so give me your promise that you shall calm the heart of my mother and do not delay to relay to her the news of my demise!

“Indeed, I shall obey your wishes, O pious woman!” I cried reassuringly. “But how shall I console your noble mother?”

The noble worshipper replied. "Tell her I am not truly dead, and that I am but a mortal body with an immortal soul, who have flown away from the constricted cage of this world and will move on to the afterlife and that this end is not forever. Tell my mother that we shall meet again soon, in a better place, where we shall be united to part no more! Dry her tears, O kind stranger, because verily my mother has a heart which is too soft and fragile to survive the calamitous events of this world. She is too sensitive for the pain of this earthly realm.

Oh, friend! Promise to soothe her heart when you bring to her the news of my eternal departure for she might not be able to bear the fatal thought of the daughter she bore in her womb to be buried and gone away from her forever! Comfort her with the assurance that are recited in the words of God, and let her know the without a doubt, we shall meet again. Encourage her not to grieve because this life is but for a few days and that today or tomorrow, we all must die and we all must leave the counterfeit existence here!"

Then she lowered her voice, and gazed into the distance, weeping softly and said:

**“Oh, my mother! Forgive your daughter!
Forgive her for leaving you behind!
Forgive her for not having the strength to
live on! Oh, mother! It is not your fault
that I am leaving prematurely from this
overcast world! It is only my own mistake
from which I suffer, because the
knowledge of men who know of me now
are too great and I do not wish to be
accosted by them as a healer or a saint,
for I am nothing but a vessel in which
beats a heart that loves her God! My
gullible heart is suffering from the
knowledge of people! But O mother,
forgive your daughter and grieve not, for
verily, if you mourn me, then I too shall
mourn and weep for you!”**

**I fingered the medallion which the pious
young woman handed to me, and I was
surprised to see familiar markings on it. I
recognized the jewelry and then glancing
at the ailing woman’s face, I almost
recognized her from the famous painting
of the royal family!**

**Thousands of questions raced in my mind.
Could it be that she was somehow related
to the royal woman?**

Could it be that the woman seated before me had the blood of nobility in her? Thinking of the possibility, my heart became restless and I started shaking with fear and awe.

Seeing her condition, and noticing her destitution, poverty and penniless state, and how she appeared more distressed than the poorest pauper on earth, and realizing that she had forsaken all wealth and honor and fame to gain and earn the pristine and eternal love of her Creator, the One God of Abraham, and knowing that she had undertaken this spiritual journey alone in this wilderness, I was unable to control my tears.

“Oh, princess!” I cried out beseechingly. “Tell me what to do! Advise me on what I can do for you! Verily, I beg your pardon and seek sincere forgiveness because if only had I known who you were, and if only I was aware of the noble lineage you carry in your veins, then I would never have done what I had done!”

“O how wrong of me it was!” I said, still in a state of weeping.

"Dry your tears, O sad one, for I am happy to be leaving this mediocre world and yearning joyfully to meet with my God!"

For the princess, the vintage sojourn to her salvation was ending, and she tried to utter several soft verses of prayer, but found it strenuous to speak as she was prostrated by fever.

The young worshipper fainted one for a long stretch of time and remained intermittently unconscious for the majority of the journey's duration.

When she regained her senses, she again beseeched to her Lord for mercy and forgiveness.

I was silent and held back my tears.

Then gazing at me, the noble youth said, "I am thankful to you."

Soon after, she said to me: "Lay my body anywhere, and do not let the care of it be a trouble to you at all. Only this I ask: that you will visit my esteemed mother and soothe her grieving heart by informing her of what had transpired."

She was breathing laboriously, her words heavy with pain.

Then the young girl pressed a bejeweled pendant into my hands and said, "Give this to my mother, and beg her to forgive me."

As she said these words, tears overflowed from her sparkling and soulful eyes, and seeing her tearful state, I too began to weep with her.

The pendant was marked with royal inscription and engravings of the nobility! I stared at her in horror and gaped in disbelief. A royalty lay before me! She was a nobility and heiress to a kingdom that ruled half the world? Could it be that she was the inheritor of so much wealth and yet she abandoned all luxuries in order to gain nearness to the love mercy of her Maker?

**O what a sight it was! What a memory!
What a life had I witnessed!
My heart had lost control over my body.
My mind was deluged with fear and pain.**

As I sank to the floor, unable to hide my feelings, she had prepared to depart this world!

Her pitiable condition brought tears in my eyes. How beautiful the girl was and yet was wrapped in a worn rag, but every vein in her heart was overtaken by the love of her God who had given her portion of His Power over all His kingdom.

I was stunned to witness how she lay there dying with happiness and in anticipation to meet her Everlasting Lord.

I could no longer stop my tears. I wept like a child, feeling tremendous pity for her.

From my earliest years on earth, I had never experienced such sadness and terror. I did not understand why such terrible calamity was set upon me.

Rejoicing in her faith, she praised God's name and continued to pray in earnest.

“Oh, lord of my soul! Soothe my beating heart with Your love and be with me till the end of ends!”

Saying these words, she looked up towards the heavens and smiled with such warmth, it was as though her smile enlightened her entire face. She resolutely bore witness to the oneness of God, and closed her eyes forever.

For a brief moment, I cried for her and then thinking of her family, I began to cry for her mother.

Her lifeless body lay before me, as I wept for her sorrowful and lonely end. I was dumb in my grief, and did not know what to say over the body of this pious woman. Oh, princess! What have you done to me? What colossal responsibility have befallen me!

It was a long time afterwards that I realized that I must bury her.

Ah, what dreadful terror coursed through me that night, only my All-seeing Lord would know.

**My poor heart was in deep pain, and
atrocious guilt had made me numb.**

**I had caused this abominable trepidation!
I had caused this calamity to befall her,
thought I most bitterly! Had it not been
for my curiosity, the princess would still
be alive.**

**What a dreadful prospect! I was alone in
the middle of the vast Atlantic Ocean, a
solitary mourner beside the body of a
noble worshiper of God, whose value and
position were lofty. I knew her worth. I
knew she was a friend of the God of the
heavens and the earth. But O what was I
to do in this dire situation!**

**I stemmed my unshed tears and prayed to
the God of Abraham to show me a sign.**

**What options lay before me? Could I turn
back, and head back to the shore? Nay!
We had traveled too far away! It had been
a tedious journey of a fortnight. Perhaps
more. Rowing this feeble boat back to the
barren shore was an impossible chimera.**

Oh, I did not have the heart to drop her pious body into the vast ruthless ocean and see her become the feed of sharks and whales.

What tremulous emotions wracked my being, as I prayed most earnestly. For her sake who loved You, O God, show me a way, for this deceased youth was a lover of Yours, O God of heavens, and to You belongs her body and to You has her soul gone.

Suddenly, I stared above in unconditional terror. I stared in fright at a scene no human before me had to witness! Verily, I saw the waves of the Atlantic surround me in an overwhelming circular canopy. The wind whipped around me and it got stronger and louder.

This is the end, I thought! Oh, this must be the death tide of a deadly sea-hurricane or a tsunami.

Indeed, this wave shall crush me, and it shall be my pitiful end too, I thought frantically.

**I could not believe my own eyes.
I saw the water move around me,
churning like a tempest in a fierce bowl,
and then the canopy of gray waves**

swished over us, and encompassed the boat in a frightening manner, before the water on either side began to ebb away, as though a magnetic force was pulling the fibers of water away.

Wave after wave separated, and slowly, the water parted, and I felt the boat sinking in the void, deeper into the sea, nearing the ocean floor most gently.

What a phenomenon! I maddening fear, I even forgot the phrases of all my prayers. I cried like a mad woman, and I thought that if the giant wave returned and fell upon this small boat, then I would be forever lost and this vessel would be drowned deep under the violent waves.

But the waved grew larger and larger, and due to the acute fear of being smothered to death by the pitiless waves, I could not make myself take eyes off the adjacent tide.

Even as my fear increased, there was an eerie calmness around, and I felt a protective force surrounding me. The water of the ocean seemed to part further and further, and when I glanced around, I noticed that the water had flowed away, and was out of sight.

The small boat went lower and lower and suddenly, after a long while, I felt the boat coming to a halt. There was no movement anywhere. The water of the ocean was gone. Our vessel had landed on a soft ground.

I looked down and saw the ocean bed directly below, and all the water of the ocean were out of reach and nearly out of sight. The wall of water around me looked surreal, as though it was suspended in midair, waiting and inactive. The world was strangely still, and there was no sound anywhere. The gulls were silent, the fishes were quiet, the waves were gone, and the water was suspended.

What a sight! My blood was frozen in my veins. I wanted to shout and express my alarm, but the sound had died in my throat. Indeed, not even a whisper would pass my lips.

At a short distance, I noticed glittering fauna and flora. In my shock, I recognized the coral reef that could only be seen in the bottom of the sea. With horror, I realized that this must be the ocean floor. Never before had I seen the true beauty of the underwater world. Rock flowers

covered the hilly areas, and they were of beautiful and delicate shades of purple and blue, and were crowned with pearly shells. The pearl banks of the corals stretched for miles, and the area around the boat was clear of water and shone like sand.

I glanced up and from this depth, I could clearly see the storm-tossed clouds swaying menacingly in the sky above. It seemed surreal that I was indeed standing in the bottom of the sea. How fantastically unique the sea bed was!

I disembarked from the boat and stood in awe at a place no human had set foot before. I then appreciated the power of the Almighty God of Abraham and I realized that God was close. I marveled at how beautiful the natural wonders of the ocean were.

They arrived at the beach, and studied the surroundings. It was undoubtedly one of the finest sea side resort of this kingdom. Merchants considered it to be the most beautiful harbors in the world.

My Merciful God and her Omnipresent God had removed the Ocean and made

this boat reach the ocean floor so I could bury her.

My heart shook violently but I mustered courage, and carried her body from the boat and unbecomingly, cried hysterically to my Lord. Fear had enveloped my senses, and sorrow filled my heart as I stared cautiously at the wall of water suspended ahead of me, that had parted to allow our boat to reach the ocean floor. Then a profound understanding impressed upon my heart. It was God's will that I should bury this saintly woman. The ominous walls of water of the ocean were standing like a gate, surrounding me while transported the body to a brief distance and began to dig a grave in the soft earth of the ocean bed, using the oar.

I recited special prayers for the dead and completed the rituals for her funeral prayers.

Fear overpowered me whenever I stole a glance at the towering water waves suspended in the air, and bursts of terror drove me to the brink of madness, and I could not fathom what I was doing or what I was trying to say!

Oh, Lord of the universe! I cried out. Glory to You, O Supreme Owner of the vast world and controller of the ocean waves who had removed the ocean water for His friend to be buried!

Oh, God of heavens whose power no mortal knows! No human can imagine the greatness of Your power! No mortal imagination can fathom the majesty of the God of Abraham!

Oh, controller of the Atlantic! Indeed, she was Your beloved friend and You have taken upon Yourself to pave a noble way for her burial so glory be to You alone, O Merciful God of Abraham and have mercy on my terrified soul.

Oh, was there any other human who knew of my Lord's unparallel power! Had they known that my Creator could set asunder the ocean and pave a place under the roaring sea for His beloved friend's burial!

**Standing vigil over her body, I wept and called out:
Oh, successful one, glad tiding to you!**

**O beautiful one! The royalty in the world
and the royalty in the afterlife!**

**O noble soul, and beloved to all of
mankind, and beloved to the God of the
universe! Blessed are you, O lucky one, for
your God had dearly loved you!**

**I continued to speak. Who indeed should
care about the brief numbered years that
are spent on earth? Who should ever care
about the brief days in this world? Why
should one care about the opinions of
men, who are made from dried clay, when
your God is the Owner of the heaven and
the earth and controller of the Atlantic
and Pacific oceans!**

**Oh, Lord of her soul! Have mercy on all
those who suffer in this life! Have mercy,
O God of the oceans and fashioner of the
universe and the creator of life and death!
Have mercy upon me, O Most Powerful
and Most Merciful, for my heart is
bursting in pain and fear!**

**I bear witness of the Lordship of the One
God of Adam and I bear witness to Your
existence for who has the power to control
the ocean waves but You, my Lord? Who**

**else but You can control the movements of
the clouds and the churning of the waves?**

**As I lay her body on the sea-bed, I cried
and glanced at her lovely face for the last
time.**

**Oh, honorable princess of the world! Your
God has loved you!**

**Oh, honorable maiden! Rejoice for your
glorious station in heaven, for your God
has removed the entire ocean just to bury
you!**

**Oh, beautiful girl! Your Lord has loved
you even more than you loved Him! His
Power is manifest in your departure!**

**Oh, lucky one! Whose love do you need
when the most powerful Lord of the
universe is your beloved and at your
service and places the entirety of His
creation at your beck and call!**

**Oh, honored be your departure and
honored be your afterlife! No fear is there
for you, oh successful one!**

**No pain of unrequited love, no pain of
fear, no pain of heartbreak shall vex you
in the gardens of Eden, for you are a
beloved worshipper of God! Who else do**

you need when you have found the love of your God?

“Blessed was your ending, O noble heart! Blessed be your Hereafter!”

**“May the Lord of Abraham have mercy on your revered soul! I attest that there is no power but the power of my God!
I bear witness that there is no strength except the strength of your God!
There is no life but the life of the afterlife!
There is no love but the Love of God!
Nor is there any reality in life except the reality of God!”**

“There is no power but the power of the Almighty God who controls the stars, commands the skies, the mountains and the oceans! How weak the ill-advised man is, and how strong he thinks himself to be!

**How fake is the love of this world and the lovers of this life, and how fatuous are their love and loyalty! How changing are human sentiments and how hateful can they become in an instant! O how short term the feelings of this world are!
Blessed be her soul, for she took God as**

her friend and He was there for her in this world and in the next!

Truly, there is no life but the life of the eternal hereafter life!

How contrived is the life of this world!

How false the people and their sentiments are!

How unreal are the powers of this world!

How artificial are the laws!

How deceptive the governments!

How false the wars and fighting!

Only God is real and the temporary life and the inevitable death are but a dream that takes you to God for eternity!

I piled small fistful of soft soil and lay it over her blessed body, and said:

“Take her. O ocean floor, for today lay amongst you a most honored guest of God!

Today, sleeps under you the most honored and beloved of God!

Honor her body and witness the manifest power of her God when He controls the ocean tides and holds back its mountainous waves for the burial of His saint!

Woe to me that I was the cause for her to leave this world!

Oh, would to God that I would never find out about her powers and miracles!

Oh, if only I had no clue about her miraculous and spiritual relationship with God and if only I had never witnessed the power she held over the universe!

But alas, I had the curiosity of a woman! I had found out her secret and exposed her sainthood to the undeserving men of the world!

For this. No more reason did she see to live on in this meretricious world where men fought and killed to become the owner of wealth for the duration of a handful of days!

Blessed be you, O saint, were that we would be lucky to have you amongst us for a few more days!

Alas, O world! A saint has left your earth and moved on to her heaven!

Mourn along with me, O the waves of Atlantic Ocean! Grieve with me because such a close friend of God and such a powerful woman is gone from our world forever! She had returned to her Lord and

Maker who loved her even more than she loved Him!

**With a tremulous sigh, I cried out:
Glorified are the lovers of God! How powerful they are! How merciful their souls are! How much love do they contain in their hearts for their God and Maker!**

I slowly covered her noble body with fresh soil, and with a bowed head, I traipsed back to the boat, uttering softly the following prayer. Oh, Lord, our God and Maker! Whose will it be that all mortal must taste death. Enrich her with Your love. Prosper her soul with heavenly light in the Paradise, where there shall be no fears and no darkness, only beautiful beginnings and brighter hopes for eternity.

No sooner did I step into the vessel, I saw the waves descending inch by inch, and the water began to flow like a stream all around me, and the accumulating sea water covered the ground, and floated the boat. The increasing force of the ocean water thrust my boat upwards, until it rose completely from the ocean floor, and

floated to the surface of the ocean in one mighty sweep.

I shouted into the void:

"Oh, ocean! had I known that you also are controlled entirely by your God!

Oh, ocean water! How powerful is the God who controls you!

Oh, how I wept all the way back to the shore, staring back at the place in the ocean beneath which she lay!

But from that moment onwards, I was a changed woman! Every vestige of happiness was shred from my life! How awful the people of the world appeared to me now!

How utterly worthless their sentiments seemed to me and how dumb their wars appeared as if they were as dumb as predator animals who were on a scavenging hunt!

Oh, the heedless men and women! They have no idea about the Might and Power of their God! No clue have they about the love God has for them! No idea have they about the reality of the next life! Oh, those who fight, love, shed blood, loot and plunder and quarrel like children and engage in romance and seduction like dumb animals have no idea about how

true the hereafter is! They are left to flounder in the depreciated earth with no sense, no brain, no wisdom and no thoughts!

Had they known that the end of life is fast approaching, and no amount of gold and silver, no wealth, no lover and no power shall accompany them to their grave nor give them solace in the next world! Only the All-Knowing God shall be there to control every aspect of the afterlife.

In that fleeting moment, how my life had changed!

I had witnessed God's unimaginable miracle! I saw with my very own eyes, the miracles the One God can do!

Oh, how powerless man seemed next to the power of the Oft-Forgiving God! How worthless the life of this fugitive world and how brainless are those who fight and kill for this handful of numbered days of surviving mediocrey in this fake and fleeting world!

I had no fervor or desire to remain wallowing in this life! There was no hope for happiness in this meager world! I had no wish for affection or love in this

interim world! My world was different now, because I had seen and witnessed the phenomena of another world! I saw the real outcome of mankind! Verily, I saw the reality of life and death! I saw the power of my God; I witnessed His love, and experienced that love he has for those who love Him and for those who obey and worship no one but Him!

Oh, nothing, no wealth. no power, no money, no lover and no family could make me want to live in this temporary world! Nothing could make me believe in this transitory life! No mortal power could make me afraid or impressed! For I had seen what no man could imagine in their wildest nightmare to have seen or known!

Oh, heavens and earth! Oh, this passing life and dreams of death! Oh, world of lovers of the earth and lovers of wealth, pride and power! Had you known how false the world is, you would never strive to gain it nor work for it! Had you known the frailty of the people who fight for power and wealth, you would have hastened away from their trivial demands! Oh, people! Had you seen the power of the lovers and saints of God, you would have abandoned the world and its people and

**gone to the altar of the One god who
controls all the stars, the skies and the
mountains and the oceans!**

**Oh, God of heavens! How can you expect
me to live life like an ordinary person
after what I have witnessed!**

**Almighty Creator of the heavens and the
earth! Nothing but You is real! No love
but Your love is true! No life but life in
Your heaven is lasting! No friendship but
Your friendship is real! No god but You is
real! No happiness but the happiness of
Your heaven is absolute! All the promises
of people, all the hatred of the enemies,
all the love of the friends are false, and all
the glitters of golds, all the comfort in
luxuries and all the reality we see or feel
is a false charade. There is no God but
You, O God of Abraham! Let my soul bear
witness to Your Glory and Power. Let my
heart pledge fealty to Your Mercy and
Your unfathomable Love!**

**Farewell, O princess of the world! Fare
thee well, O friend of the One God!
Farewell to you, O successful one! I bid
thee farewell, O the luckiest girl!**

**I had parried around like a mad woman!
My heart was heavy with the jarring
effects of the chimerical events of the past
few days, and I found it quite unbearable
to understand the meaning of these
actions. I had wished for nothing save to
lay me down to sleep, and never awake
from the blissful slumber except to rise to
meet with my Everlasting God to Whom
one day, I along with the rest of mankind,
must return. Oh, how false and meager
the world seemed to me that no more had
I any desire to dwell in its narrow
expanse. I had no more desire to survive
amidst the squalor of mortality, or suffer
scorn from the dregs of society.**

Dirges of Hope

**"Oh, True Believer, let no fear of pain,
Nor friendly favour, nor menace, nor
dread,
Divert thee from the path, that thou
shouldst tread.**

**To reach Al Jannat, where thou wouldst
attain;
'tis not for thee professing Islam's name,
To rest ignoble. Though thy progress
slow,
Enough if onward ever it doth show,
So that each daily step advance doth
claim,
And helpeth thee to further progress still;
The way to Paradise all onward lies,
Keep Islam's path, nor e'er disheartened
be;
And ever yielding to great Allah's will,
Then guidance light and peace will for
thee rise,
He loveth those who persevere like thee,
And from all worldly fetters sets them
free."**

**William Henry Quilliam (10 April 1856 -
23 April 1932)**

**Oh, how I wanted to forget about this
existentialist universe and evaporate from
this horror-filled realm, but then I
remembered the bracelet she gave me and
the poignant words of her last will and
advice reverberated in my ears. I knew I
must visit her mother by mustering**

whatever shreds of courage, sanity and strength I had left before it was too late!

I then embarked on the long and tiresome journey across the desert to meet her mother and fulfill her last wishes.

After she had completed her narration, the Queen of Hejaz cried out:

"Oh, old woman! Have you compelled the precious hand of my most beautiful princess to dust the carpet of your house? Elderly woman, have you made the only princess of this kingdom and the daughter of the king and queen, whose blood flowed the vestiges of royalty for generations, work for her bread?

Oh, old woman! Have you made the princess and the future queen of your kingdom, the heiress of this nation, the scion of your country work for her bread as a domestic help to you?

Oh, old woman! Have you indeed obliged my daughter, in whose veins runs the blood of a thousand kings, work for her bread and earn her daily food with proletarian toil, pain and suffering?

Oh, unfortunate feeble woman! Have you really made my princess, a noble child unaccustomed to rifts and labor, who

never picked up a glass of water in her life and had so many thousands of servants to attend her, have you made her a common servant in your own home?"

The queen acted on constituted authority to govern the people of Hejaz and no turmoil vexed her enough to abandon her poise and grace, but grief of a mother had no bounds, and as the monarch beheld the woman who claimed to have buried the princess, she could not contain her passions, and said in an emotional burst: "Oh, old woman! Have you made my darling, my princess and the future queen work and be a servant to earn her bread and to become worthy of her living? Oh, old woman! Have you made the princess who never cooked a meal in her life work for you? Oh, old woman! Have you made the body of my princess toil and work hard to earn a meager wage, when from her birth, she was attended by thousands of servants and was deluged in a utopian paradise until the day she took her leave from here? Misery and regret befall you, O old woman! Have you felt no guilt to make a princess, the daughter of a king and queen, do your house work as if she were

someone who was accustomed to menial labor?"

"Oh, old woman! Have you made my darling princess go through such pain and suffering just to earn a meager portion of her daily bread?

Oh, ignoble old woman! Had you no mercy on her royal head? Had you shown no mercy on the princess, for whom all the men and women of this kingdom revered and cherished, and they would gladly worship the ground she treads on or worked in, and yet you had made her a servant in your home?"

"Oh, old woman! Have you no feelings? Have you no mercy? Have you no decency in your heart, that you were capable of meting out such treatment to your future queen?

Oh, old woman! What have you done? What have you done to my child? What have you done to my daughter? What have you done to my princess? What have you done to the next queen of your kingdom and your country?"

As the Queen of Hejaz went on asking these questions, she wept most bitterly until she thought she would faint and all the people of the Kingdom wept along with her.

She tried hard to fight back the tears, but she could not make herself to glance at the old woman who was so filled with sorrow and guilt.

In a pained voice, the ordinary woman curtsied down before the queen and begged her forgiveness, and said these words in a most humble tone: "Indeed, my queen, you are right in rebuking me. Oh, Your Majesty, had I known that she was your daughter, I would not have subjected her to such menial labor! Indeed, how could I have known? How could I have known who the young woman really was? Oh, my queen! How could I ever have guessed or known the truth? Oh, queen of this kingdom! Find in your heart to forgive me for not knowing who your daughter was and for not being able to take better care of her. Do find it in your heart to forgive me and to forgive your daughter."

The Queen of Hejaz sprang to her feet. "Oh, woman! Have you really used the

hands of my imperial daughter to clean the dirt of your home? Have you felt no mercy and no affection towards a young girl who came to you begging for sustenance? Have you used the unworked and pristine hands of my princess daughter to clean the dirty floor of your hearth? Had my darling daughter been compelled preen the garden of your house and polish the crude bricks of your outhouse for a mere meal? Have you made my princess my kingdom's future queen work hard until her hands became sore and pained, in order to earn her daily bread?"

The elegant queen paused momentarily and considered her past life. She was the all-powerful ruler of this land, and when she oversaw court decisions, it was for the sake of correction, and to judge the actions of infallible subjects, which consistently was on par with human expectation. The wise men and women of Hejaz were pleased with the ordinance of this society and none had any doubts their sovereign was righteous. But the queen was a human, and a mother, and in her grief, she could not reason with her conscience, and cried out once more:

"Had you shown no mercy upon the young princess? Indeed, how could you have done this to the child who had never worked a day in her life, but had thousands of servants to attend her? And yet, she abandoned all luxuries of this world, and gave up her titles, prestige, jewelries and wealth for the love of her God, and she resolved to spend the rest of her days in worship, and yet you had made her work with her dear hands and her feet which was never chanced upon work before? Have you done this to my darling princess without any remorse or without any pain and suffering? Have you never felt any guilt by treating thus the future queen of your country?"

As the queen went on asking these questions, in somewhat rhetorical tone, for in her heart, the intricacies of a sovereign no longer pulsed, but she was now a grieving mother, lamenting the loss of her only child!

The old woman's heart broke terribly with acute anguish that was beyond anything she ever felt before. Her eyes upon the birds, fluttering their wings in the Royal Garden. How innocent and carefree were

these creatures! But she was suffering from acute guilt, and she too started shaking and weeping profusely along with the queen for the death of the most valuable princess of this era and the prized scion of this century.

Every time, the queen posed these questions to her, she felt her heart break into more than a million pieces. She too began to weep in anguish and uttered desperate lamentations, beseeching thus: "Alas, had I known! If only I had known that she was the daughter of the most powerful queen in the world, then I would not have treated her in such a manner! I would never have treated her as a menial servant. But how could I know the reality? Indeed, when your daughter arrived at my doorstep, dressed in tattered rags, and was asking for a day job, how could I know that she was not accustomed to working? I did believe that she preferred this life of earning her bread in the mediocre way and to live each day as if it was the last and to pray each prayer to God as if it was the last supplication of her life and to spend her days worshiping God and her evenings crying earnestly to her Sustainer, praying for the good of the people!

How could I have known that she was destined to inherit the Kingdom of Hejaz one day, and had a thousand servants attending to her from the day she was born until the day she left the wealthiest Kingdom in the world and left it all for the love of God and for the worshiping of her Creator and to build her relationship with God? Indeed, I now realize that this world and this life, this Kingdom and this Palace had no worth to her compared to her relationship with God and the power of His eternal kingdom and the promise of His heaven in the afterlife and the reality of the perpetual Hereafter!

Have you made my princess, who was born to rule, toil with her sweat and tears to earn her meal when she never lived a day without a thousand ladies maid attending her?

Have you really made my princess labor and clean your home with hands that never was used for such menial purpose? Have you made my most cherished and beloved child shed away her sweat and tears for a piece of bread?

Oh, woman! Have you no feelings? Had you no mercy towards the most revered woman that walked the earth?

Have you made her royal dresses and noble attire besmirched with vile dirt and dust of the layman's bricks and unworthy masonry activities?

Had you made the most dignified woman that exhaled breath on this earth work like an ordinary servant for her meager meal?

When I approached you, O sovereign and Queen of Hejaz, I glanced mournfully at the monarch's seat, and understood the depth of your sadness as you wept.

Little did she know how the princess's parents were humbled and thrilled to see this lovely child, and as the princess got older and wiser, her charms melted even the hardest hearts and her beauty mesmerized the young and the old alike. When she embarked upon national tours annually and accompanied her mother to travel around the kingdom, her honey-colored bright eyes and long silken hair that was magnificently streaked with sun light, reduced onlookers to tears of joy, and even great orators were speechless in wonder in her presence. Such was the

munificence of the Princess Royal, who was destined to become the sovereign of Hejaz, the Defender of the Faith and the Leader of the Faithful.

The princess was of the kindest demeanor and frequent smiles appeared unbidden on her beautiful face. Her ladies-in-waiting would marvel at how the princess's face glowed like a flower and every time she smiled, and utter warmth flowed from her golden heart.

The Queen of Hejaz once more cried out: "Old woman! Have you really buried my child, the young golden-haired princess who was a child of laughter, joy, and spirit, my darling baby girl, with your own hands?"

"Indeed, I have, Your Majesty." She replied demurely.

"Let me see your hand," the Queen of Hejaz demanded suddenly. "Show me the hand that touched my beautiful child for the last time."

As the matron held out a trembling hand, the queen clasped them in between her own and uttered a loud cry. Fountains of tears poured from the mother's eyes, as she bent to kiss the top of the old woman's hand.

"Oh, kind woman!" She said, "blessed are your hands which have buried my princess!" And the queen could not halt the tears from rushing from her eyes. They were as inexorable and unstoppable as the ocean tides.

The queen added a nod of encouragement and entreated her to spare no details.

**The matron continued to speak:
The terror I experienced in the ocean was unspeakable, and I noticed rain pelting hails upon us, and violent wind and gale was creating countless avalanche of icy ocean waves. The churning waves smashed through the rusted frame of the scroungy boat, and large droplets of salty water felt like sharp razors, as it sliced and struck the wooden side panels.**

With fright, I screamed as the encompassing waves smashed into me and ripped off entire panels of the boat frame.

All that now remained were twisted wooden slates and broken timber.

I screamed in horror as wave after wave overpowered me, and my shrill and helpless cries echoed in my own ears and

was lost amidst the sound of the howling wind.

The sea then quieted and remained unusually quiet. There were no hurricanes, no storms or gales and no tropical disturbances in the Atlantic. The mighty Atlantic that had moments ago raged furiously not showed no sign of tropical activity! I glanced heavenward, and noticed that the peak of the hurricane had disappeared. What a miracle!

The woman continued to narrate what had taken place. "I said a brief tremulous prayer and then buried the young princess as gently as I could, and then stepped back into the boat. With trepidation, I saw a giant wave coming towards me, and in fright, I fainted! When I came my senses, I was afloat. Upon regaining consciousness fully, I saw that there was water all around me, and the boat was floating peacefully atop the rippling waves. It seemed like the most ordinary day with the small boat sailing most naturally, and so I resolved to return. I rowed and rowed, until the boat neared the direction of my country, and I urged the meek vessel forward, eager to reach the shores, while still clasping in my

hands, with the most ardent devotion and trust, the bejeweled relic which the young woman had entrusted to me. When I disembarked, the piece of jewel was still in my hands.”

O old woman! Indeed, you have broken my heart!

Pray, tell! How could you have done this to the princess and the future queen of your country?

How, O how could you have made her work so hard to earn her bread? Oh, how lonely had my daughter been when she left the treasures of the world and comfort of my kingdom and forsook all the power and all the luxury life had to offer, and abandoned the pursuit of all the love and all the companionship in the world for a life of solitude to spend her days praying and her nights worshiping God alone and resolved to reside by herself, in a place so far, far away from people. She longed to be alone among strangers who knew neither about her rank nor about her noble birth nor about her luxurious upbringing not about the thousands of servers and maids who waited upon her day and night!

The queen looked wistfully at the sky and signed. “Oh, my darling child! What idea had come upon you that you cast away the kingdom of the universe for the pursuit of loneliness and the sanctuary of solitude to build your relationship with God? Indeed, your Lord had blessed you with a piece of the eternal power and perpetual kingdom that is beyond the realm of human understanding!”

“Oh, my daughter! Indeed, accolades of the afterlife awaits you as you shall be seated amongst the prophets and the most beloved friends of God in the Day of Resurrection!

Surely, you Creator will not ignore the sacrifice you have made, the torment you have undertaken, and the luxuries you have sacrificed for Him!

Oh, my darling child! Indeed, your God loved you and verily you loved your God most earnestly, and most assuredly, He will reward you with the most worthy of the rewards!”

**Oh, let me break away from my kingdom and get away from the people!
Let the greedy men and women quarrel over prestige, and fight over wealth.
Let the power mongers hate.**

**Let the greedy souls engage in gluttony
and fight over the world and the futile
wealth of the fleeting temporary world.
Let them fight and kill each other over
this useless world until they all die, one by
one.**

**O take me away! Take me away this
instant, away from treachery, away from
crudeness, away from this falsehood, away
from mortal weakness, away from all the
false promises, away from all the idle
hopes, away from all the expendable
kingdoms that give no peace, away from
all the fictitious power that is misleading,
away from all the love which is false, away
from the deceptive love and affection that
will become fake in the end!**

**O take me away this moment! Take me
away from here to see my darling
princess! Let me see how she is and where
she was lain.**

**O let me kiss the ground she rests
beneath!**

Let me say a prayer for her!

Let my heart be tranquil a while!

Let me reunite with my beloved child!

**Let me worship the God in whose care my
daughter now resides.**

**O what false promises of happiness does
this kingdom give!**

Oh, false hopes of the vast empires!

Oh, how painful and how unreal and helpless we are! How short the life of this world is! How unprofitable the kingdom of the world and the power of this world is! How much unhappiness and hopelessness are trapped within the walls of these palatial gardens! Take me away at once! Make haste and take me away to see my darling child!

Indeed, the promises of these kingdoms and domain are false, and the certainty of wealth is a deception.

Oh, what value has my kingdom? Oh, what worth has my royal kingdom to me now that my only daughter has gone away to God?

Alas, what is this vast treasure worth and what value has the kingdom? What worth is there in all the recess of power of troves these gold and silver over which knight and soldiers, kings and subjects vie about? What worth has the wealth for which men mow down one another and struggle to retain that temporary power?

What worth has this life to me? Verily, my life has no meaning! It has no worth! My life is valueless without my only child!

Indeed, this life is as false as the shallow dreams which vanish at the break of dawn!

Oh, would to God I remained at my daughter's side! Oh, take me away from this world, and let me see the resting place of my daughter!

Alas! I cannot wait even one moment longer! I must see the resting place of my only child, my baby girl, so I can cry freely and bathe her grave with my tears!

Let me talk to my daughter, so that her God can convey my words to her in heaven! Oh, it is true that this world and the kingdom, these cold marbles and precious stones, and the majestic palace has no meaning to me anymore!

This wealth that people fight over, these palaces who they vie to reside in, the kingdoms of power, and the treasures of wealth are all lies! Oh, take me away from here at once and let me see the place where my daughter died! Let me stand beside the auspicious dust beneath which my daughter lay!

Oh, woman! I say, take me to my daughter's place of rest!

**The grieving monarch wailed into the void
and raised her face to the heavens and
cried out: “Oh, my child! Indeed, you have**

left me in this world quite desolate and alone. Indeed, you have left your mother empty-handed and empty-hearted as you left for your God. Indeed, you will find unwavering, unending true love and peace with your Lord and your Creator.

Oh, my child! You have broken my heart! You have shattered my soul! You have made my life feel false and left me alone to be impaled with a pain which is so intense, that it flabbergasts me and destroys me entirely! Oh, my darling princess! You had left your kingdom and gave up your birth right, and gave up all the riches and luxury and the adoration of your people and the unconditional love of your family and the joy of a royal lifestyle, and the comfort of your Palace and you had left it all for your God's love alone. Indeed, you were always wise, my child, and you possessed true love in your young heart! Understandably, when you saw the love of the true God, you recognized it and left all the false life behind! Now, your Mighty Lord had raised you to His own heaven!

Oh, my darling princess! My life is empty without you! Indeed, my kingdom is worth nothing to me! My wealth has no value to me ever since you have shown me how false my life was and how worthless the

**money and power of this monarchy is!"
Choking out these words, the queen
sobbed uncontrollably until her velvet
gown and all her jewels became drenched
in her interminable tears.**

**She whispered, "Indeed, you have found
true love, my child. Indeed, you have
found true happiness. Indeed, you have
found the true meaning of life and indeed
your God had taken you away from this
world which was unworthy of you, which
was unworthy of your goodness and
unworthy of your purity, and unworthy of
your holiness, and unworthy of all the
goodness that you had to offer!"**

**"Oh, God of Heaven who took away my
child!**

**Oh, God of the universe who controls the
kings of all the kingdoms of this world,
and who owns the beauty of all the
charming things, and who controls the
love of all the lovers, and who controls the
hearts of all the leaders, and who controls
the wealth of all the empires, and the
power of all the rulers, be my witness that
I have joined my daughter in her belief!
Be my witness that I surrender my
kingdom for You, and for gaining Your
love and the love of my daughter.**

Be my witness, O Allah, when I destroy my crown!

Be my witness when I dissolve my kingdom, leave my people and my country. I leave them all for Your love and Your nearness alone!

Oh, Lord who keeps my daughter in His heaven! Cast Your sight unto my heart have mercy on it! Take the pain away and let me love You and You love me back the way You had loved my only child, who was a seeker of Your seekers rather than being a follower of mortal emperors.”

With these words, the Queen of Hejaz flung away her crown, and tore away all her jewelries, and tossed away the thousand beads of pearls which adorned the neck of royal women for centuries. She gave away her most expensive piece of jewelry and walked away from her kingdom.

She left the throng of people who had gathered to bid her farewell, and who stood in awe at her tremendous change. They understood that the Queen was abandoning the Kingdom of Hejaz in order to devote her remaining days in prayers and meditation. She sought to spend every moment from now on, worshiping God alone, loving God alone

**and praying and fasting for him and spend
the rest of her days and nights
supplicating to the God of Abraham for
her child who had preceded her in
traveling to the land of death! She wanted
to pray for all those who were suffering
around the world. So ardently had she
desired to spend the rest of her waking
days and nights in the worship of God
alone that she flung aside the
unparalleled power and abundant wealth
of her monarchy and chose to live the
ordinary life of a beggarly saint whose
only identity would be that she was a
worshiper and a lover of God.**

**Indeed, the Queen of Hejaz had seen the
reality of this world, as her daughter had
before her. Her present state was
destitute of tranquility and she knew that
giving up her monarchy was nothing
compared to the rewards of the afterlife,
although her spiritual experience enabled
her heart to heal, she wistfully hoped that
she had understood the temporariness of
this mortal kingdom much earlier in life.
Undoubtedly, the experience of no
previous ruler of Hejaz could furnish a
parallel with how this queen and her
daughter had transcended the tiers of
ascension and power, and appreciated the**

short duration and the worthlessness of the luxury of this temporary world.

The noble sovereign had lost even the energy to speak, and at last, she uttered in whispered cry: Where have you abandoned my daughter?

The queen shuddered in grief, as the news-bearer spoke, and before the messenger delivered the fateful news, she had subsided into bitter sobs, and collapsed on the cold palace ground. The marbled hall echoed with her cries as she wept till twilight dimmed over the castle walls, and a starless night fell.

She stood forlornly in the chill hours of midnight, hoping that her daughter would return.

She nodded briefly, motioning the palace staff to cease curtsying, and then she gazed at her lady-in-waiting with eyes of sorrow.

The queen was seated in a great chair beside the fireplace, when she heard the commotion echoing faintly over the castle walls.

The Queen of Hejaz felt ill in the body, and waves of grief overtook her as she stood alone in the glass-paneled corridors of the great palace.

Her body was wrought with ache and fatigue. Her daughter has gone to the next world, a dominion which was controlled by a God who had indomitable power that governed the course of mortal affairs.

The Princess Royal had given up her kingdom, and gave up her role as the successor to the throne, and while her peers condemned her decision as a rash one, she felt as though her soul had been liberated from an incorporeal tragedy. Ever since the queen heard the news of her daughter's death, devastating waves of suffering rattled her senses so morbidly, that she had lost the will to rule or reign. Only one action beckoned to her and that was weeping. With tear-filled eyes, she abandoned her throne and

wandered like a blind traveler, as she traversed through the palace grounds, calling unto her lost child between fits of sobs.

She had kept this lost hope alive that her daughter was going to return one day, that she had somehow survived the jaws of death, and that she would come home and fulfil her destiny.

The queen was resolutely clinging to the sweet but impossible chimera that her child lived, and this dimmest hope allowed her to keep the colossal might of her anguish at bay.

She sought God in the merciful solitudes of the night, and prayed for her deliverance.

The young girl wept like a despairing vagrant, who had nowhere to go, no one to rely on.

The Princess Royal looked forward to the day when she could cheerfully abandon her soft bed in exchange for a hardened cot, and would relinquish scores of feathered pillows for a cold quilt. The princess knew she would be much happier sleeping on the bare floor and remembering her Lord, rather than

indulge in the joys of royal life within the comfort of her palace.

As she watched the princess leave, the queen felt bereaved, as though someone had torn a portion of her heart and walked away.

She spoke with an answering smile. Amidst the vibrating bond of mutual love, she gazed upon the bright creature whom she had given birth to and to whom she had bequeathed her kingdom.

The princess felt as though the temporary life on earth was vain, and she was a product of a dreary life, heiress of a worn-out kingdom.

With a mode of vigorous consciousness which had never awakened before in her mind, the princess resolved to abandon the luxuriousness of the olden days and adopt a ascetic lifestyle, where she would not be vexed by the tremendous burdens of monarchy and rule.

She spoke earnestly and implored with bitter cries, hoping to prolong this

moment of farewell, desiring for the inevitable parting never to take place.

The princess had discovered her love for the hereafter, her adoration for God's heaven, her compatibility for asceticism while soul searching during the long hours of the eventide.

She had never before experienced the unshrinking misery of despair.

Exhausted of all human dreams and mortal hope, the queen shut her eyes momentarily, trying to recreate the last image of the princess in her mind. She uttered a cry of regret, before embarking on the carriage. She gave a wail of pity and dissolved in tears.

Why must I choose a life of turmoil and fear? Ah, mother dearest, I do not desire a kingdom where I would be considered great by some, but despised by many, where my decrees may cause mayhem and misery, and I would have to bear the scorn and indignation of the masses.

Why had such sadness arrived, obtruding her life into a well of despair?

**Oh, God of Adam, Abraham and Moses!
Instill in my heart the love of Your
Majesty!**

**My Lord! Protect my heart from darkness
of the unknown future. Your kingdom is
the real kingdom. Your promise is the
true promise. Your love is the only true
love. Your Hereafter is the only true life.
Indeed, my daughter had seen the reality
of this life! Indeed, she had chosen the
true path towards You. And she had
displayed her benevolent actions and her
new miracles before us, and verily, we
know You have made her a friend of
Yours. And whatever she desired, You
fulfilled it for her, and whatever she asked
for, You had granted it.**

**Oh, Most Merciful Lord! Indeed, you loved
my child more than I ever could.
Indeed, You loved her more than me and
so I love You more than everything else,
more than all the treasures of my
kingdom and more than all my people and
more than all my years of life!**

**Ah, how worthless are this wealth to me!
How bitterly painful does this world now
feel!**

**Alas, how powerless is my kingdom
against the dagger of death, and how
futile are these castle walls against the
wrath of time and the temporariness of
this world!**

**What a false world I had nurtured within
the dreaming life within the castle walls!
How mundane were the towering palaces
that scraped the sky! Today, these
seemingly infallible structures are but a
sand castle which will be inevitably
washed away by the whirling sand or the
crushing waves from the adjacent sea.
Indeed, every kingdom in this world will
come to an end. Every king and queen,
every tyrant and sovereign shall one day
be lying down in the grave and have no
one but You as their sole companion.**

**Why have I not recognized the temporality
of this world? Why was my darling
daughter able to understand the
temporariness and the fleetingness of this
castle within this kingdom which had
been built with precious stones, and
whose towers reaches the sky? How is it
that people do not understand how
worthless is the wealth of this world?
Can they not see that no matter how
wealthy one is, no matter how much**

riches one has today, when he dies tomorrow, all of it will be taken.

How worthless are the lives of the Kings and the Queens and the wealth of the people who spend their entire life hoarding money and gold chasing after power, prestige, love and lust, property and kingdoms, when this world and all within it shall turn into dust, and in the end, the entirety of wealth, robustness of health and life itself shall be gone! How distressing are kingdoms where the monarchy is meant to be passed on to unloving and unloved kith and kindred, where the crown is bequeathed often to undeserving subjects and relatives, who nurture bitter rancor in their hearts, and occasionally demonstrate themselves as the worst enemy of the sovereign. And yet, when dear ones pass away, and loved ones die one after the other, the only heir or successor who remains are the vilest creatures, who had somehow slayed the heirs who preceded him in order to gain the coveted position on the throne.

How deceiving and temporary is this world!

How frugal is this life which people fight so madly over, and how useless is every breath that people spent fighting after it! Alas, those men and women who quarrel over meager provisions of this world are foolish like children. Like adolescents, they fight with each other over the trinkets and toys they think will save them from death and tribulation.

Oh, why do those febleminded people think that wealth in this transitory life can protect them? Why should they imagine that a false promise of love will give them happiness? Why do they seek to duel one another over fragile friendships? They fight battles over land and gold like the gullible children who fight with other infants over dolls and toys! What difference is there between the two? Indeed, kings, emperors and monarchs will fight over kingdoms, but verily, their kingdoms, their castles, their power, their entire world is nothing but toys in the eyes of those who have seen the realities of the hereafter, and are worth less than the value of a mosquito's wing, to those who had voluntarily left the world and its riches behind them. The world and all it contains, be it gold or silver, be it precious stones and diamond, be it silken sheets or ivory shields, shall all be

destroyed like a child's toy, and all its imaginary glory shall be diminished and the vestiges of the wealth shall be passed on to the future generations, who will become once more, engrossed in the false comfort of these luxuries and will forget about the afterlife, and give up all hopes of salvation in the eternity of their future for the temporary enjoyment of a brief time in the present.

**With the death of her daughter's death,
the Queen cried unto the heavens:**

"Oh, what worth has this vile kingdom to me! What worth has this temporary and transient life to me now?! What use is this dominion when my most precious one has gone to her Lord?

**Oh, how useless all this wealth is
compared to the eternity of the afterlife
of God's promised kingdom!**

How many a king has passed away and how many a king will pass away in the future?

Oh, how desperately had those people fought their friends and battled their enemies and thought that this life was going to last forever, when no man or angel could be certain if this universe would subsist and exist even for a single day!

Oh, how worthless are the short-lived power of this life! How fleeting are the luxuries of this worlds and the how mundane its comfort are! Oh, how fake are the honor and prestige, how contemptible are the medallion and regalia of the empires, and how false and changing its love!

How indeed would she fare when traveling across the turbulent seas of the hereafter, when no friends or family would be of any avail and only the hope of Divine mercy would save the frantic mortals from annihilation? This was the only thought that raced across the mind of this princess as she spoke.

**O to think that man fights and murders,
tortures and kills over this useless short-
lived world!**

**O to know that man hates and works for
this wealth and power which is so useless
and so meaningless and so temporary to
me now!"**

**Then the Queen of Hejaz raised her hands
to heaven and uttered in an affectionate
tone, hoping her little girl would hear a
grieving mother's hope and despair:
"Farewell, my love!"**